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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE • NOVEMBER 1950 • FIFTEEN CENTS





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CHATELAINE

FOR NOVEMBER VOLUME 23 NUMBER 11

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Associate Editor
Almeda Glassey

WOMEN CARE TOO MUCH

Near my home in the suburbs there's a lady traffic cop. She wears a white peaked hat, a green sweater, plaid pants and high-heeled pumps. She carries a round sign labeled "STOP," and a whistle.

She's on duty an hour or so each day guarding children crossing the highway. They run up from the side streets and cluster at the pavement's edge, like bright feathered chickens.

The lady traffic cop rushes to the centre of the road, quivering with apprehension. Far down the empty hill a car slides upwards. She waggles her stop sign high in the air, and blows at her whistle as piercingly as if she were sounding the Last Trump.

Then, still tense with energy, she beckons the little ones across and watches them. At the moment they reach the far side she wheels sharply, beckons the blank air with robotlike motions, and strides to the lamppost again. Presently the car passes, and she turns to look for more children.

Her span of duty ended, she goes to her nearby bungalow to drink a cup of coffee and probably thinks about how much better she does her job than any man would do it. You couldn't persuade her that the casual ease with which most policemen weave the traffic back and forth is a more effective method of working. Nor could you tell her that in the way she works, she symbolizes what is, too often, the "Trouble" with women in public life. They care too much.

For in caring too much, they try too hard. This tends to build an awkwardness when men and women work together for a community cause; or when a woman runs for public office. It tends to build a resentment in the minds of men, who automatically feel that the woman is trying to "show them up." It makes them uncomfortable.

Most successful executives have learned to be easy and relaxed in their approach to any problem. Your fanatic or worry-wart, seldom carries very much authority with very many people.

When we're given an office—in our club, or in our community—let's learn to handle it easily. Let's learn not to lose our effectiveness by trying too hard, and caring too much.

Remember my lady cop!

Byrna Hops Sanders

Some simple facts about DIABETES

Diabetes is a condition in which the body is unable to utilize properly the sugars and starches in food. This condition is due to a deficiency in the body's own supply of insulin.

The use of insulin, made from the pancreas of animals, has made the treatment of diabetes increasingly effective. As a result, diabetics usually live long and nearly normal lives. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic today is double what it was before insulin was discovered, and has increased even more for young diabetics.

1

RESEARCH promises more effective treatments for diabetics



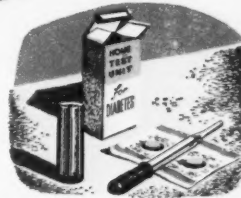
Medical science is constantly improving the treatment of diabetes. Different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, have been de-

veloped to meet the varying requirements of patients. A new type of insulin, now under trial, combines fast action with long-lasting effect.

There is continuing research on other phases of the disease. Work with radioactive isotopes and other studies offer the hope for further progress in treatment, and perhaps for the prevention of some cases of the disease.

2

DIAGNOSIS is quick, and easily accomplished



Sugars and starches cannot be utilized satisfactorily by the untreated diabetic. As a result, sugar appears in the urine. It is now possible for anyone who suspects diabetes to make a simple, inex-

pensive test at home for sugar in the urine. Kits for this test may be obtained at most drug stores. If the results of the test are positive, a doctor should be consulted for further examination.

One recent survey showed that for every 4 persons known to have diabetes there were 3 others who had it without knowing it. Having periodic medical examinations that include a check for diabetes, or making the simple test oneself, helps to insure early diagnosis. If proper treatment is started at once, serious complications can usually be avoided.

3

TREATMENT is largely the patient's responsibility



Most doctors agree that the diabetic himself largely determines his own future. Cooperation between patient and doctor, of course, is essential. Only the physician can determine whether or not

insulin is required, and in what dosage. He will also prescribe proper diet and advise about necessary exercise.

Once the correct treatment is established, however, continued successful control of the disease depends mainly on the patient. He should be careful and faithful in following the prescribed instructions, and he should be alert for signs of possible complications. If the average diabetic observes these and other precautions, he can usually look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

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I WALK BY

No, it's not a ghost story, but the
hair-raising often hilarious adventures
in the night life of a sleepwalker

How would you feel if you suddenly
awoke in the cold grey dawn to discover a heavy four-foot
three-master sailing vessel perched precariously on your
chest? Chances are you would let out a yell of pained
surprise just as my husband did at such a rude awakening.

The first thing I remember was a distant voice shouting,
"Turn on the light! Turn on the light!" Automatically I
reached over and snapped the switch by the bedroom
door, because that was where I was standing when I woke
up. As blessed light flooded the room, I hastily scooped
up the large sailing ship from my husband's brawny chest
and carried it like a baby, back to its cradle on the living
room mantel. Then, praying that my somnambulism was
over for the night, I sheepishly crept back to bed.

"Next time you heave the Bluenose at me I'm going
home to mother," warned my long-suffering husband the
following morning.

About a week later I awoke to find myself unsuccessfully
attempting to curl up in the bureau drawer I had carefully
lowered to the floor in my sleep.

The following night I shot up in bed, leaned over and
shook my husband violently by the shoulder, as I com-
manded in loud tones: "Go to sleep at once! You're
keeping me awake." Having roused him thoroughly I
settled down again to my erratic slumbers. Of course I
remembered nothing of this next morning.

Ned, my husband, still manages to see the amusing side
of my wearisome nocturnal promenades, or a divorce
would undoubtedly have ended our 10 years of conjugal
bliss and a thousand and one nights of interrupted sleep.

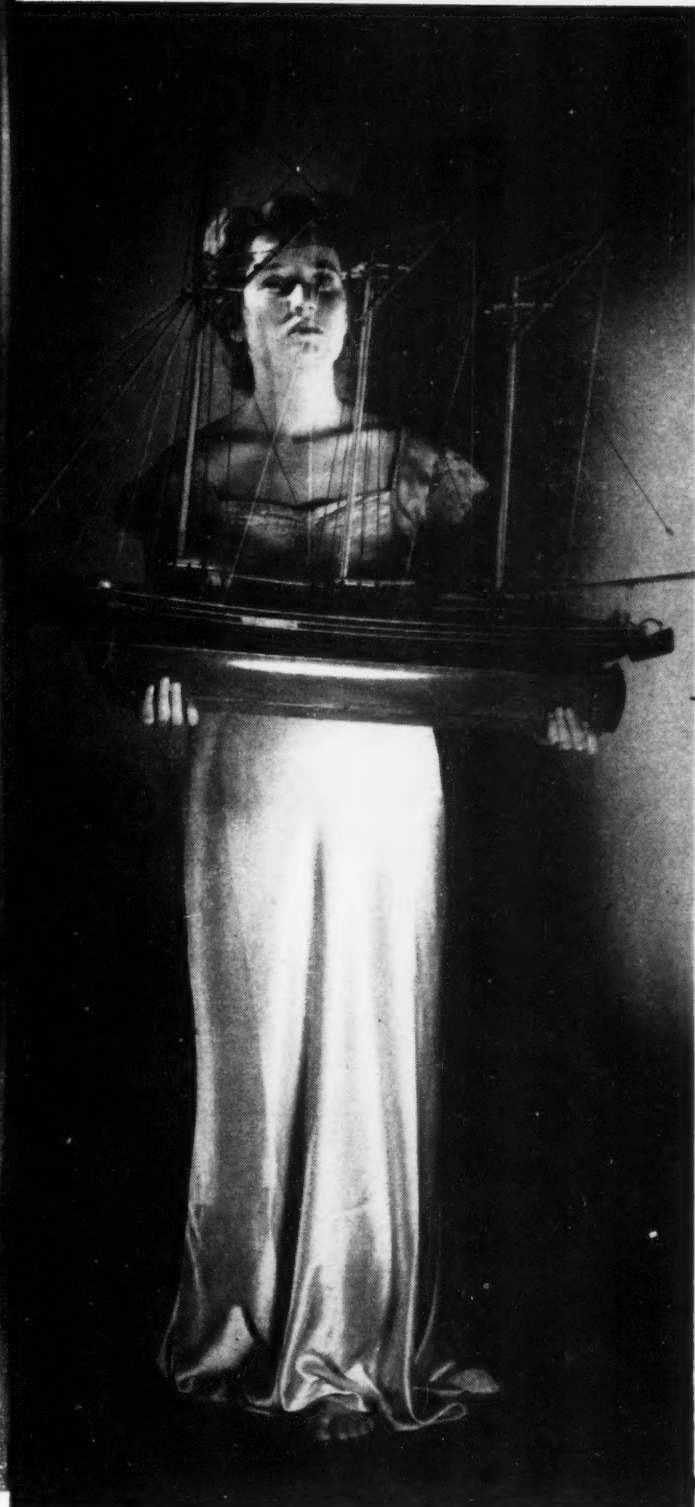
He was initiated in dramatic fashion shortly after our
honeymoon, waking up in time to dash madly to the open
window and seize the seat of my pyjama trousers just as I
appeared to be launching myself into eternity. The
screech I emitted as he hauled me down from the window
sill must have had a spine-chilling effect on the neighbors.
Needless to say, I made no enquiries next day. It took me
a long time to recover from that embarrassing and noisy
display of emotion by the dawn's early light. When I
opened my eyes safely inside the window and all in one
piece, I fully expected to see two motorboats bearing
down on me from opposite directions, while I swam
madly across the harbor (we were in Lunenburg at the
time). This frightening experience had actually occurred
the previous afternoon and that night I had perversely
continued the nightmare journey in my sleep. Presumably
the desire to leap through the window was a wild attempt to
re-enact the plunge

+

Continued on page 39

AS TOLD TO KAY JONES

BY NIGHT



GORDON RICE

Now your hair can have that

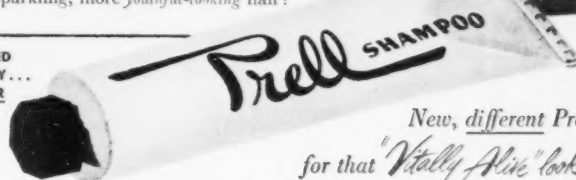
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A FRAID TO FLY THE ATLANTIC?

BY MARY JUKES

You flew the Atlantic? Weren't you afraid?

Weren't you uncomfortable?

Weren't you bored?"

These were just a few of the questions—ringing with curiosity and doubt—fired at me by fellow Canadian tourists while I was in England. They made me realize that in spite of the number of Canadians traveling the Atlantic by air every month of the year, there are still many people, especially women, who look upon it as a hazardous experience. But if you are planning a trip to the British Isles or Europe either this winter or next summer, and your husband wants to fly, here are some facts you should know.

Fear

If you harbor a little clutch of fear before boarding the plane, count on it evaporating the minute you leave the ground. The comfortable roomy cabins of both Trans-Canada's North Star planes, and British Overseas Airways' Stratocruisers, are pressurized and air conditioned. This means that outside pressures and temperatures have no effect on you inside.

You can read, write a letter or walk the length of the plane to the dressing rooms in the rear, just as you would in your own home. If you are someone who wants to shut your eyes and lie prone every time you have climbed a height, you will probably be surprised, as I was, to find that you can look from a window of the plane without the slightest desire to jump.

Both the North Stars and the Stratocruisers ply the Atlantic, back and forth, every single day of the year. Their captains and crews are as familiar with these air lanes as you are with the path to your cottage at the lake. They are as at home above the clouds as you are in your own kitchen. All flying in these four-engine cruisers is done + Continued on page 63



Standing behind the captain with nothing but the sound of clicking instruments in my ears, I looked out into an exciting world—on intimate terms with sun, moon and stars.



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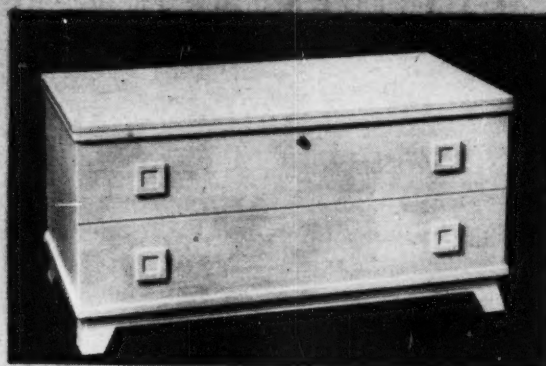


* Like a show window — this fairyland
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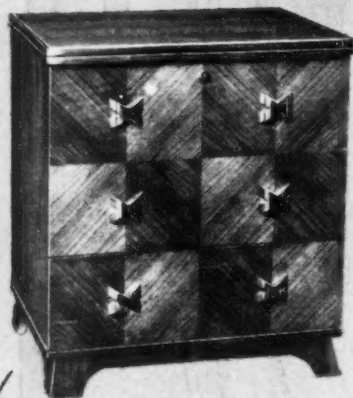
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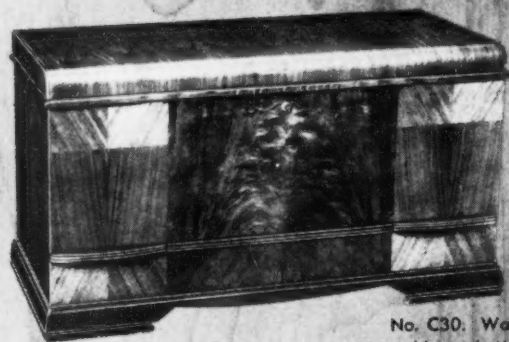


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It's Party Time

DOORS are opened wide—hospitality is riding high. Parties are the flash of color that brightens the greyest month of the year. The month when nights are gay; theatres and symphony in full swing; when invitations are out for formal affairs; when phones are ringing for dates to college dances, hi-y hops and coffee parties galore. But—best of all, it's the time to put on our gayest mood; to give a warm welcome to our friends. Every season has its special charm, but November tops them all when it comes to entertaining at home. The first tang of winter is in the air; darkness falls early; fireplaces glow and soft lighting lends enchantment to pretty faces.

We're never too young or too old to enjoy ourselves. From three-candle birthdays right through the years to golden anniversaries it's always fun to have a party.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LIMITED





SUPER SUPPER — BUFFET STYLE

BY MARIE HOLMES

Director, Chatelaine Institute

A galaxy of inviting dishes spells success if you're entertaining buffet style. And such an array of attractive foods need not tax the budget. Nor need the preparation of the whole bountiful meal involve many wearisome hours in the kitchen.

This was all proved when the Institute planned, cooked and assembled the supper you see spread out on these pages. Most of our dishes were made the day before they were to be served. Last-minute fussing was kept to a minimum. That's always an advantage to any woman who plays the dual role of cook and hostess. With the food ready to go on the table, she can greet her guests graciously—and calmly!

There's a nip in the air! Football's reaching the play-offs! Winter'll soon be here with skis, skates and hockey sticks in action! That means parties, parties, parties! But you, the hostess, can look forward to your own party if you serve a simple but super supper. With a menu that's flexible you can use it again and again. For a small group just omit one or two of the dishes we have suggested. For a crowd increase the recipes; include all the frills and the full variety we have featured here. (For complete menu and recipes see page 65)

IN CO-OPERATION WITH
THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO.

JOHN E. MILNE

BY CECILIA BARTHOLOMEW

H

ALLOWE'EN PIERRETTE

There comes a time in every girl's life
when she sees, beyond childhood,
the new and enchanting world that lies ahead

Rebecca looked into the mirror of her dressing table and didn't recognize herself. The costume had changed her. The costume had made a transformation. Cautiously she came closer, her wide grey eyes fixed on the grey eyes of the image.

It was herself, she was sure of that. If nothing else told her, there was the crack in the middle section of the mirror. Her brother, Larry, had made the dressing table in manual training, and when he had put in the mirror he had tightened the frame too much, and the glass had cracked. It had never been replaced.

Rebecca didn't care too much about the crack. It cut, a jagged scar, across her face when she stood up straight, but if she stooped over a bit she could avoid it. She stooped over now and freed her image.

"Pierrette," Rebecca whispered, and saw Pierrette's lips moving silently in the mirror. Pierrette's eyes were deep with excitement under straight dark hair cut short. The little pointed face was white above the big white ruff, the small pale mouth delicate and vulnerable. Her 16-year-old body was young, like 12, in the snug pink chintz bodice, but a soft swelling showed that was usually hidden in her modest dresses. The shoulders and arms were thin. She didn't see their sweetness. Below the waist the pink pantalettes bunched out in points tipped by a big white ball, and then tapered down to her ankles, utterly unfamiliar.

On the dressing table rested the hat, tall and pink, with three white pompons down the front. Rebecca reached for it and watched Pierrette's thin arms raise and set it on her head. Another change occurred. The hat was rakish. Pierrette's face now looked demure, instead of solemn. The eyes danced, glinted between dark lashes. Rebecca lifted the hat off and watched her face grow still. She put it back on and the merriment returned. That was what Pierrette was—tragic and comic, happy and unhappy,

woman and child. The child was the woman and the woman was the child. The child was happy and unhappy. The woman was comic and tragic.

Rebecca tilted the hat just a bit more over one eyebrow. It seemed to send the other eyebrow like a dark arrow up into her hair. Seriously, she tried a smile. It trembled first, pulling her mouth crooked; then she felt laughter inside her and the lips pulled out at the corners and deepened into two dimples. Tentatively, Rebecca wetted her lips with the tip of her tongue. They grew fuller, smoother, glistening.

"Pierrette," Rebecca whispered again, and her voice was full of longing question.

She heard her mother's footsteps and knew she would be coming upstairs to check on her. Rebecca turned around and faced the door. Her hands tightened and clenched. The hat was still rakish, but the eyes were a little desperate.

Her mother appeared in the doorway, familiar and unfamiliar. Neat, antiseptic, ascetic. Like a nurse who administered to you but in the face of whose efficiency you always felt humiliated for the natural functions you couldn't manage yourself.

"Well," Mrs. Blanchard said, "are you dressed?" But her eyes had already taken her in, had already gone over everything, seen everything—the thin shoulders, the small swellings, the white face.

Then Rebecca saw her mother's mouth relax. She smiled. Rebecca felt all her terrible longing roll up into her throat. The sound that came out was half cry, half laugh. Sometimes she thought the only thing she could do for her mother was to look nice in the clothes she made for her. When the dress didn't suit, when it didn't look like the picture on the pattern, Rebecca felt it was her fault. She had let her

Continued on page 44



He looked at her in surprised admiration and in a kind of wonder that he had never noticed before how attractive she was.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN NORTHCROSS



Kiff gets into the act by watching Sylvia doesn't fall off things. Closest in age, he shows no signs of jealousy, has forgiven her for being a girl.



Eight-year-old Sharon is allowed to hold the baby, helps with her bottle. Would rather have her new sister in the doll carriage than "any old doll."



Father has a bottle in daily wash to buttons

NEW BABY — A CURE FOR MIDDLE AGE

While I am writing this, in the room across the hall from my office a four-week-old baby is yelling her head off. And I feel wonderful. Somewhere about the house my wife, Aileen, is bustling about with a can of baby powder in one hand, a diaper in the other and a grin on her face like a horse player who's just copped the daily double. And this is a couple who are crowding 40 and who for the past 14 years have thought they were living for the day when no small people would clutter up their household.

Yes . . . a year ago we were ready to sink into a placid middle age . . . watching our family grow up and get married and produce grandchildren. Christopher, age six, started school this fall; Sharon, age eight, is in grade three, while Beryl, age 14, is in second year high. It looked like peace and quiet for the old folks at last.

But this little bundle of noise and irresponsibility has jarred us out of that, all right. We're right back into the formula—daily-wash, up-in-the-middle-of-the-night routine all over again. And we love it. We haven't heard any complaints from the kids, either. In fact, we'd say that this little 28-day wonder is the best thing that could have

happened to all of us. The whole family is involved.

We have discovered, somewhat to our surprise, that the second family is just as much fun as the first. In some ways a lot more.

Babies are in Style Again

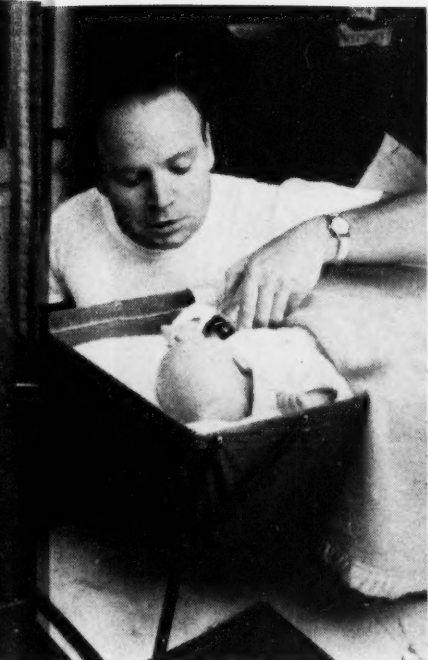
In the first place, for some reason we're not going to attempt to explain, babies seem to be in style right now. Whereas a dozen years ago it was considered smart to have none or one child, now young married couples, and young people considering marriage, talk glibly in terms of three or four or even five.

Of the dozen women Aileen met during her stay in the hospital one was having her thirteenth child, one her eleventh (we're willing to admit these are exceptions), five their fourth, two their third and only three their first or second.

A quick look at birth statistics confirms this. Last year the birth rate was up almost seven points above the depression low of 20.4 and exactly three points above the wartime peak of 24. + *Continued on page 60*

BY MAX
BRAITHWAITE

"A year ago we were ready to sink into placid middle age, content to watch our family grow up. Then we had another baby . . . and she jarred us out of that allright!"



Father has learned to type with one hand, hold a bottle in the other. His household chore is the daily wash. "One thing you can say for diapers—no buttons to come off in the wringer!"

Beryl (radio's Maggie Muggins) is a whiz with youngsters, and can do just about anything her mother can. Provides the Braithwaites with a built-in baby sitter.

"We had forgotten how much fun a small helpless cuddly baby can be. Beats a pup all hollow, or a trained seal, or a bowl of tropical fish, or anything else you care to mention."





ILLUSTRATED BY WOODY

BY EVELYN MURRAY CAMPBELL



CINDERELLA 1950

When Daisy Springer left the whistle stop town in the corn belt she was full of bounce and anticipation for she had no doubt that the Big Town would give her what she wanted, which was love, romance and a diamond ring. But after a few years the thrill of the week was seeing whether a termination notice was tucked away with her pay cheque and the love-romance issue had become lopsided and bearing heavily upon her imagination. The diamond rings were still in the five-and-ten and it looked as if she had taken the wrong train.

But if she was not happy, she was not sad—not very, for she was in love, and Daisy was one of those girls who can love without hope or expectation. All she asked was a kindly word now and then and the sight of him every morning. His "Hello, Beautiful" started the day in waltz step and in happiness she began the work which she labored over and for which he got the credit. So far, things ran on schedule. Daisy was in love with her boss.

Daisy was a typist at the Doane Advertising Agency and her boss was only a sub-boss, Ossie Heyden by name, and he often predicted that he wouldn't be a sub-boss long. In fact, when he really got going Doane would be coming to him with tears in his eyes begging for a partnership. This was just honest, clean fun, of course, for even Ossie's sublime egotism could not quite picture Rodney Doane as begging for anything, but Ossie and Daisy enjoyed the joke together and it helped to bring them closer, she thought. Some day, some lovely day, he would really see her as she was, sympathetic, understanding, ready to enter into his moods and whimsies and be the companion that every man, especially advertising men, needed. If she could only be needed for something more than type-writing, Daisy sighed in one of her low spells. . . .

It may be noted that she never figured upon physical qualities to get her man; she possessed

nothing in that line. Instead she was all defects. She was too tall, too thin, too elbowy. She had no style because she couldn't afford to buy the right clothes. She was pale, wistful, hungry-looking and she was ashamed of her hands and feet. She particularly hated her feet which always looked clubby in the sensible shoes she had to wear and were inherited from her great-grandmother, a pampered belle who had never walked a half mile in her life at one time. Daisy would have liked a long slender alligator-pumped foot that got around without stumbling. The ones she had gave her the underpinnings of an ambling crab. She could only hope blindly that Ossie would recognize the other qualities she had to offer. A blind hope, indeed.

There were times when this hope became very thin and ready to be folded away in lavender; for instance, the morning when she came into Ossie's office and found him in conversation with the Voice that summoned him from time to time and which he obeyed with the bonhomie of a young man who is not certain that he can pay for a lady's lunch and still eat sandwiches the rest of the week.

"Why, certainly, sweet, if you're sure you wouldn't rather dance," Ossie sang on the phone while his concentrated gaze rested on Daisy without seeing her. He was wondering whom he could ring in to pay the check. "Dancing, I said, Beautiful. One dance with you and—and—Yes? You said yes? And you won't mind if I bring a customer along—someone I can't shake? A decent sort who'll be ga-ga about you the first look. I have to do something for him—after all, we don't belong to ourselves . . ." and so on and on. Presently he hung up with a sigh. It was fixed, all but finding the client to be stuck with the check. "Ye gods," he moaned. "What would I do for enough money?"

Daisy couldn't tell him. Her throat was tied into a knot.

Continued on page 54

She was lost in the never-never land where dreams were bright
as flowers, castles made of cobwebs and
a certain young copywriter was Prince Charming

How To



KEN BELL

Ever since Eve fooled Adam,
women have outwitted men. "They drive us nuts!"
says the average male. But with this
Vest Pocket Guide it's no trick at all
to fathom the mystery of the female mind



BY FRANK TUMPANE

TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN

The principal difficulty in arriving at an understanding of women is women's reluctance to be understood.

That is what is known as a sweeping statement. Let it stand, however. Let it stand. Throughout the ages the female sex has learned to lean heavily on a reputation for being mysterious, exotic and hard to understand. These attributes have counted decisively in the unrelenting battle of the sexes. In fact, it's hardly fair to call it a battle any longer. It's a rout.

All over the world, for instance, little groups of men are huddled together. They are shaking their heads. "Women," they are saying. "Women! They'd drive you nuts."

No such activity is noticeable on the part of females, however. Women may express sorrow, disappointment or chagrin over the actions of males but never bewilderment. This is because men are so predictable.

Scholars have contended that this uneven understanding had its beginnings in the centuries when women were treated as inferiors and chattels. Women were forced to study men to obtain their ends by guile when they lacked the force of law or custom. Now that women are emancipated all over the place, however, the situation is reaching the point of downright danger to the male sex.

Is the male sex to survive?

It's enough to make the blood run cold, isn't it? In addition, it's fraught with social significance. Look at the bees, mosquitoes and spiders, for instance. Who rules the roost in the bee, mosquito and spider societies? The females, that's who. Lady spiders even eat their husbands if they are in a bad mood. Sometimes they eat their husbands even if they are in a *good* mood, just for something to do on a boring afternoon.

We may be sure this wasn't always the case. Likely at one time the gentlemen spiders were the lords of all they surveyed and spent their time lolling around the web being waited on hand and foot and telling lies to one another. When the girls began plotting, they paid no attention. "Ah, that's just a bunch of the women," they said. "Talk, talk, talk, and nobody can make any sense out of it when it's all finished. If they'd pay more attention to keeping their webs clean and less toward improving their minds, they'd be better off."

History is the most dramatic witness of the foolhardy ignorance of these male spiders. When the girls finally decided to jump them and put them to work for a change, they were totally unprepared. Not only did they not understand females, they did not even consider it worth the trouble to make the effort. So now they never know when they may be eaten.

The human male, of course, is tardy at realizing the awful necessity for understanding the human female. For several years

after he is born, for instance, he does his utmost, not only not to understand females, but to avoid them altogether. Desirable company, to him, is synonymous with males of his own age. He is an innocent, untrained for the vagaries of life. He believes this male state will prevail forever. Storm clouds are forming on the horizon and he is unprepared for the elements.

It is while still in this state of almost incredible unpreparedness that love first kicks him in the face. He is in much the same position as the man who had never even shuffled a deck of cards suddenly finding himself involved in a national bridge tournament. He doesn't know the rules. He is unaware of the skill of his adversaries. He lacks poise and finesse.

An adolescent, he finds himself thrust into a world of females, whose company he desires but by whose presence he is tortured. He finds, moreover, that they all seem to be 17 miles ahead of him in the art of coquetry and courtship. They can smile disarmingly or flutter their eyelashes with equal aplomb. They seem instinctively to know a great deal more about him than he does about them. He finds himself constantly outmanoeuvred. At parties and dances he becomes alternately jealous, elated and despondent at the caprice of some junior miss who is his own chronological age but who has the awful advantage of feminine instinct and maturity.

The Rule of Opposites

Can anything be done to assist these pitiful, young, male wretches? The answer must be a reluctant No. Life sends them unarmored against the female of the species and their fate is predictable. Their first skirmishes must inevitably end in routs and retreats. They have only one consolation. They can be informed that they have gained battle experience.

"You have been fooled six times, my boy," they can be told. "That was only to be expected. Take counsel with yourself now, however, that you do not get fooled the seventh."

It is when men reach maturity and take up residence with women that understanding the female becomes a compelling necessity. Nature has ordained that the average man leads an awkward and abnormal existence without the presence of women. He needs, in other words, a woman around to look after him. The opposite, of course, does not apply. Women are able to look after themselves. How they manage this is their own affair.

Some authorities on women have maintained that the key toward understanding the female is that she always means the opposite of what she says. This is a dangerous and extravagant theory and smacks of quackery. Indeed there are numbers of cases on record of women making statements and meaning exactly what they said.

For instance, if a woman + Continued on page 36



SIMPLICITY PATTERNS

REDHEAD Wear your hair in a classically simple style, and show off the color. Be dramatic in fabric of gold, sea green, mauve, pale pink and grey. Avoid plaids, prints, kelly green. Use makeup with some pink to it.

BLONDE Try a soft, short hair fix, and rinses to keep your topknot color fast. Your fashion shades include

cinammon, spring-leaf green, white grey, black. Keep all makeup fragile, lipsticks rosy.

BRUNETTE Raven locks take to a longer-than-short style, or a chignon. Select clothes in clear red, white, black, royal blue. Vivid red and blue-red lipsticks are yours, rouge is essential.

LO

BY EILEEN MORRIS,

Beauty Editor

NOVEMBER is a time of snow flurries and dull skies—a time when it is up to us to provide the color in our lives. Part of that color comes from things-to-wear . . . a tangerine dress for evenings at home, a yellow mum pinned to a coat at a rugby match.

And an intrinsic part of winter's color comes through a woman's lovely, finished makeup. Cosmetics deepen, gain in importance at this season . . . eye shadow seems created for an evening of dancing, and lipstick is essential to that party feeling.

What colors make you your most attractive self? Learn to be your own color expert, and give your looks a lift.

Foundation base gives your skin a long-lasting, perfecting veil, helps powder cling for hours. Choose a shade that enhances your ideal skin tone. Lift a sallow skin with a rosy glow, tone down a florid complexion with a peach buff, flatter a fair skin with a warm undertone. Foundations come in liquid, cake or cream, vary from the sheerest film to tinted bases with real covering power.

Apply foundation *sparingly* in an even thin film on your face and neck, blending it upward. When it is dry, puff on powder in a matching tint with fresh cotton. Begin at the base of your throat and work upward, pressing the powder in. Then turn your cotton to the clean side, and brush off excess with light downward movements.

Blend on your rouge with a light, light touch, so that it looks blushingly natural. If you use cream rouge apply it directly after your foundation. Then powder. If you prefer dry rouge, apply it after powdering. Color-key your rouge to your lipstick—a coral rouge with orangey tones of lipstick, a pink rouge for the clear reds. Grin when you dot it on in a triangle high on your cheekbone. Then with a clean finger, blend it to a delicate half moon. And fade the edges well.

Lipstick is an essential, dramatic aid to good looks. See that it harmonizes with your skin and your costume. Real reds are feminine and fashion-right this season. With the stick, or with a brush if you prefer, shape your lips to gentle curves, keeping the outline clean-cut. Flip a puff over the first layer of color, apply it again.

LOVE AFFAIR WITH COLOR



If you use a foundation base, powder well around your mouth before using lipstick. Otherwise oils in the foundation and the lipstick will mingle, and "bleed" lines result.

Frame your eyes in delicate color, and watch them seem to deepen and grow more expressive. Subtly accent your brows with feather-strokes of an eyebrow pencil. With your fingertip, dot shadow on the centre of your lids, blending lightly to the temple corners. Use blue or violet eyeshadow for blue eyes, green for brown and green eyes, grey any time. You may even use two eyeshadows—one as a brilliant strip of color close to the upper lashes and the other a softer shade blended on up over the lids.

Mascara emphasizes your lashes, gives them added gloss. Brush it on in upsweep strokes, looking face down in a mirror. Go over the outside corners, then separate the hairs with a clean brush. There are new blue and green shades in mascara, for wear under party lights.

Color continues right to the tips of your fingers, in nail enamel that echoes the vibrant shade of your lips.

Your hair, too, is part of this color portrait. Regular care and nightly brushing will give it natural highlights. And for added prettiness, experiment with rinse-away tints that point up your own hair shade, or bring beautiful new color effects.

LUCY AND THE

They both adored her, knew she would make a perfect wife . . .
until she took them home for a quiet week end in the country



BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

AND THE BACHELORS

When Harrison Adams saw Lucy walk into the city room the first time, he looked up from his typewriter, sat for a frozen minute with his fingers on the keys, and listened to his heart tap out a message.

It said, his heart did, "There she is. There's the one. At last."

As she passed the little cubbyhole where the feature editor sat with his shined shoes up on the desk and his head tilted back to paint words on the ceiling, the sound of her heels, rhythmic, syncopated, brought his chin down. His feet came down with a thump, too.

His name was Lance Brooks, which looked very nice in the by-lines he accumulated effortlessly. His thought, probably for the first time, was synonymous with a thought of Harrison Adams'.

He thought, "Jumping bull-headed prancing minnows—there's my girl."

Lucy went on down the narrow dusty hall to the managing editor's office, unaware of the palpitations behind her. Lucy Atwood didn't understand about palpitations. Not at the time, that is. She was a very serious-minded young woman, with a soft leather camera case slung over her shoulder and a purpose in life.

That purpose, at that moment, was to get a job on a really big city daily.

The job was hers by the time a broad young man with a slight frown above his level blue eyes walked into the office.

The managing editor looked up from Lucy's prints, spread neatly out on his desk.

"Yes, Adams?" he asked.

The broad young man had a good level voice that suited his eyes.

"I thought you might want to give the final okay to these editorials, J. D.," he suggested.

"Drop 'em. Drop 'em," the managing editor answered.

The man named Adams dropped them. He stood uncertainly for a moment.

J. D. looked up. "Well?" he began. "Oh," he added. "This is Miss Atwood, Adams. Going to take a whirl at having a woman photographer around here. Darned good pictures."

The young man's face turned a light on somewhere. "How do you do?" he queried politely. He had very nice teeth.

Lucy smiled back. Behind the shoulder of Adams appeared a long dark face, sulky, shadowed and definitely exciting.

"How do you spell onomatopoeia?" he asked. He leaned against the doorway, then sauntered over to the desk, picked up a picture and dropped it.

"My name isn't Webster," J. D. snapped. He seemed to be losing control. "Look, what goes on here? Proof that doesn't have to be read till day after tomorrow. Words to be spelled that the dictionary boasts. Scram, will you?"

The dark face moved its body closer to Lucy. "The boss doesn't mean a word of it," a voice like black velvet fuzzed at her. "I'm Lance Brooks, and I'll wait outside for you. Perhaps you can tell me about onomatopoeia." He turned and walked lazily away, cutting a wide swath around Harrison Adams.

Lucy laughed. She turned back to J. D. "Then I'm to start tomorrow," she said happily. "I've really had quite a bit of experience. You can call the publicity place if you like, and—"

J. D. beamed. "I play my hunches. Forty-five to start. A raise in six months if you make good." He stood up. Lucy stood up, too. J. D.'s hand was tender on hers. He had white hair in a ruff around a pink bald spot. Lucy could see it quite clearly. She was a tall girl and J. D. was a very short man. + Continued on page 26



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



DON'T LET YOUR CHILD BE A HIGH SCHOOL CASUALTY

Lack of interest in school is just a student's way of saying "Something is wrong in my life, will some grownup help me?"

BY MARY JUKES

Each year one of every two young Canadians entering high school, throws his education overboard before he gets his junior matriculation.

Each year, one out of four with *above average intelligence*, does the same thing.

This adds up to the tragic figure of more than 100,000 boys and girls quitting, each year, before their secondary schooling is half finished. Over 60,000 of them with an average learning capacity, and over 9,000 with an above average learning capacity.

These jolting facts came to light last summer through a nation-wide survey made by the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education. This survey was given financial support by various national associations and individual business firms—the men who will be employing, eventually, these partially educated young people.

And who are these boys and girls? The underprivileged? The delinquents? No. More than a third of them come from better than average homes, many of them from two-car four-inch-steak homes. Six per cent have fathers who are professional men.

What would you say if every year one of every two promising young Canadians was lost to his country through epidemics or wars? Those studying this educational problem feel the waste of opportunity is no less tragic. Consider the fact that it isn't a university education, these young people are flunking, but merely those studies which cover the years between 13 and 18. And the waste goes even farther: Canada's high schools involve an investment of early 100 million dollars a year—the bill footed by you, the Canadian taxpayer.

Why are *less than half* our young people taking advantage of this free expensive system? Who's to blame for these casualties—the school, the child or the home?

Chatelaine brings to its readers the opinions of three separate groups of people:

1. The young people themselves;
2. The mothers, right across Canada, of many of these young people;

+

Continued on page 89

Every day *Thousands of People* share this happy eating habit



Soup's on! Heat up some soup, make some tasty sandwiches... and in two shakes you have a nourishing and appetizing lunch!



Lunch at school! Experts agree that growing children need one hot dish at noon. And soup is just the thing!

Businessmen's lunch How *not* to fall asleep in the afternoon. Eat a nourishing, sensible lunch—built around a substantial soup!



SOUP IS TOP LUNCH FAVORITE OF THOUSANDS

From coast-to-coast, Canadians everywhere share a happy eating habit... soup for lunch. And no wonder! For, as Campbell's make it, soup is delicious... nourishing... easy to digest. It's ready in four minutes. It's thrifty... no waste, an outstanding food value. And there are 21 Campbell's kinds to choose from—a soup for every menu and every taste. So *today*... have soup for lunch!



Lunch at home for a man Start him off with a good big bowl of hearty soup. ... Always a sure-fire hit!

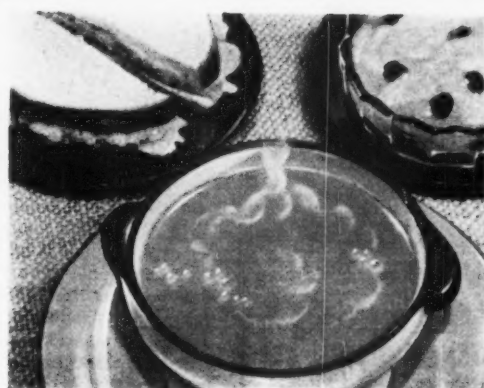


SOUP AND DESSERT

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Generous pieces of plump, tender chicken... mingled with golden egg noodles in gleaming broth! It's an old Colonial favorite.

Chocolate Cake

Milk



SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

Campbell's Green Pea Soup
A purée of green peas blended with fine table butter to velvet smoothness... Extra-nourishing, and mighty good!

Ham Salad Sandwich

Apple Sauce

Tea



SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup
Lots and lots of luscious garden vegetables mingled in rich beef stock... with pieces of good lean beef all through!

Pear and Grape Salad

Crackers

Coffee

CAMPBELL'S

ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

Greet the Gang!



Munchy Wiener Rolls...

**no trick at all
with new fast
DRY Yeast!**

● For your next get-together, pull a trayful of these steaming rolls out of the hot oven—pop in the “weenies” and ply the mustard. My! they’re marvellous—and so easily made with the wonderful new Fleischmann’s Royal Fast Rising DRY Yeast!

If you bake at home, all your yeast problems are at an end with this new Fleischmann’s Yeast. Unlike old-style perishable yeast, it doesn’t lose strength, needs no refrigeration! Keeps full-strength, fast-acting on your kitchen shelf. Buy a month’s supply—ask for Fleischmann’s Fast Rising DRY Yeast.

Piping Hot WIENER ROLLS

Makes 3 dozen rolls

Scald

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile measure into a large bowl

- 1 cup lukewarm water
 - 2 teaspoons granulated sugar
- and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
- 2 envelopes Fleischmann’s Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
- Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- Stir in
- 4 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in 4 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour. Grease top of dough, cover and set in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 2 equal portions; cut each portion into 18 equal-size pieces; knead each piece into a slim finger. Place, well apart for crusty buns—closer together for soft-sided buns, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 15 minutes.



LUCY AND THE BACHELORS

Continued from page 52

In the doorway she hitched her camera case smooth on one shoulder and bumped into Harrison Adams.

“I’m sorry,” she said kindly, looking right at him.

His fair skin caught a quick sunburn. “I write editorials, Miss Atwood,” he said. “Let me buy you a cup of coffee.”

The dark voice said, “Champagne, Harrison. Something sparkling and delicate and delightful to celebrate this wonderful moment.”

They both turned to watch the long dark shadow emerge from the hall’s deeper shadows.

Lucy said, “Aren’t you nice! Are all newspaper people so friendly?”

Harrison frowned. “I really ought to warn you about J. D.”

Lance suggested, “Warn her about me, Harrison. Go on. It can’t help but boost my stock.”

Harrison looked around her at Lance. “Yes,” he said. “I ought to. I ought to warn her about me, as a matter of fact. The way I feel.”

Lucy stepped forth. “This is going too fast for me,” she remarked decisively. “In daylight, in a place this busy, and as strong as I am, I’m sure to be safe from all of you. Good-by.”

There was something about the way she clicked off that held them both spellbound. When the last flick of her ankle had disappeared around the corner a gust of sighs blew little dust motes down the hall.

“There,” Lance meditated, “is one peachy one, as Grandpa used to put it.”

“There,” Harrison echoed, “is a real woman.”

They nodded simultaneously and went back to their staring and typing.

Lucy rode down in the dirty old elevator and elation prickled at her like pin points. It was a day, it really was. All of the years of learning how, and then the years of part time, of saving for equipment and trying to free-lance. And now, security. Promise for tomorrow. If you make good.

It’s hard to describe a girl like Lucy Atwood. She wasn’t pretty as a picture, not even a modernistic one. She didn’t wear herself like an advertisement for amorous pleasures. There was something careless about her, and something terribly straightforward. You know where you stand, that kind of thing. An unawareness, too, of the soft black of her hair and the singular beauty of her almost purple eyes. A taking for granted that her waist was made for wide leather belts, her legs for sheer silk stockings, and that she could walk like a human being without the necessity of proving her position in a competitive feminine world.

She walked that way now, straight from the elevator, straight to the street loving the pull of her good strong muscles and the feeling of the spring breeze against her face. She walked to a public phone and called a number.

“Juney,” she cried, “I got the job. I’ll be home week ends and you can tell Max to go ahead and have the plumbing fixed.”

Lance asked her, after a month, “Where do you disappear to every week end, Cinderella? Why can’t I ever show you the really exquisite excitement of a Saturday night on the town?”

Lucy looked at him, at the way the lights of the candles moved over his face. She listened to the voice of the music, low, persuading, and suitable to Lance and this place.

“Glamour,” she stated definitely. “That’s it. You have glamour.”

Lance laughed, as easy and soft as his voice. “I eat it,” he agreed. “Soft lights, insinuating music, a girl like you—”

He seemed to lose himself in delight,

following with his personal eyes the curve of Lucy’s eyebrows, the set of her chin, the round of her throat, and the creamy elegance of her bare shoulders above the simple black dress. He sighed happily.

“This is for me,” he went on. “A new place every night—”

Lucy asked, “A new girl?”

He shook his head. For once his eyes slid past hers and lost a little of their gay intensity. “One girl,” he said quietly. “Let’s dance.”

They did. They did a great deal of dancing. And meeting the people who also did a great deal of dancing. They

went to the latest lightest brightest plays. They muddled their way through the clamor of cocktail parties, stood on terraces high above the spangled frenzy of the city, and sometimes Lance kissed Lucy goodnight. It was as gay and meaningless as everything else they did. But fun.

“Fun for a change,” Lucy warned herself, thinking of the earnest hours behind her. “Not for a moment to be taken seriously, mind you, Lucy Atwood.”

Sometimes she thought of herself as a chameleon, a queer fickle thing of changing colors. Because the nights, the many nights, that she went out with Harrison Adams, there was no sign of the bare-shouldered girl with the turned-up mouth and the taunting eyes.

There was, instead a young lady of tailored blouse and trim suit, who leaned her elbows on the table, propped her chin on her hands, and regarded Harrison Adams with great respect.

“You are so understanding,” he told her. “Lucy, I’ve never known anyone I could talk to as I do to you. Any girl, I mean.”

She smiled a slow wise smile. “You have so much to give, Harrison,” she

Continued on page 30

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Refresh... Add Zest to the Hour

In town, ice-cold Coca-Cola is around the corner from anywhere.

But out where there are no corners, the hero of the party
is the one who brings along the Coke—ice cold in the handy cooler:



Ask for it either way... both
trade-marks mean the same thing.

DRESS WITH A FLAIR

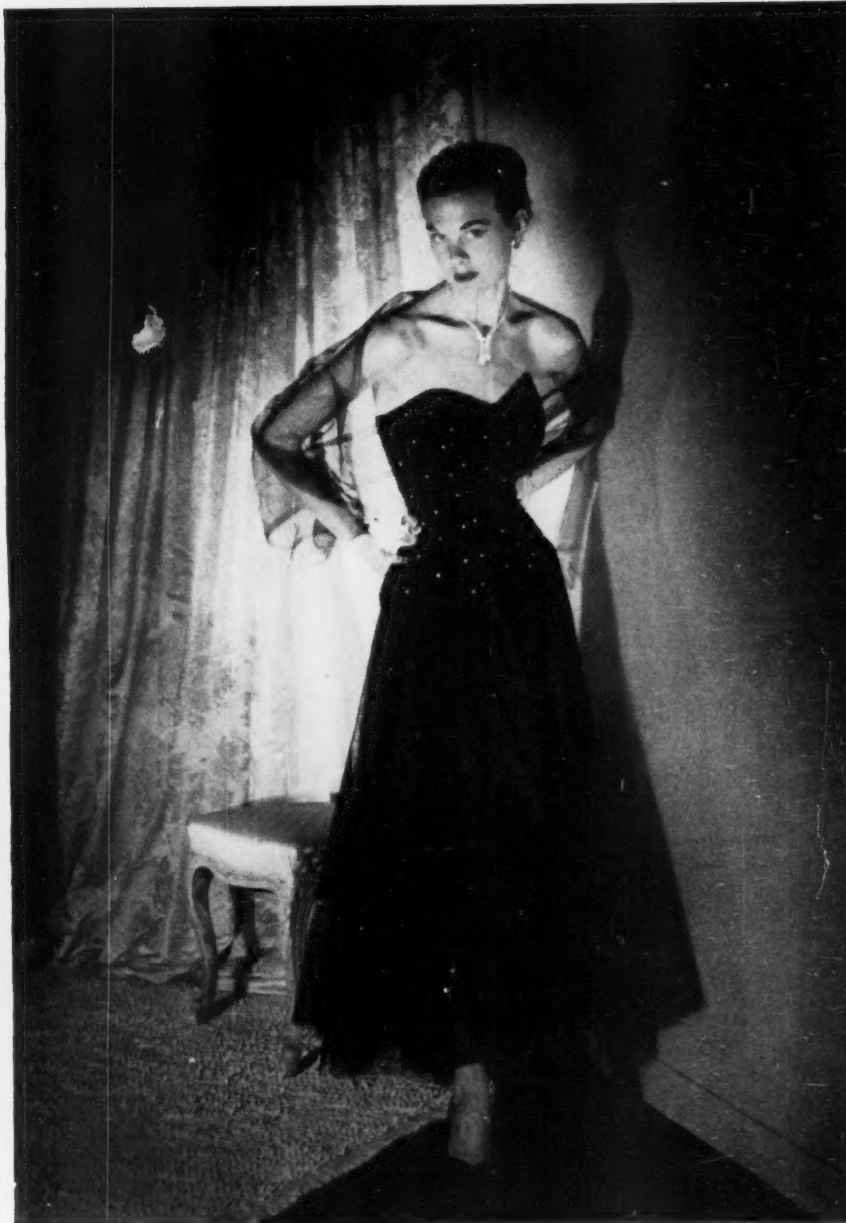


When it comes to evening clothes for the party time of your life fashion pulls the proverbial rabbit right out of the top hat! We found elegant fabrics in magic colors, styling designed for the role of perfect hostess. Here are four special types, each one with a personality that spells a very special occasion. A most appealing feature is their price . . . all under \$60! Of course you'll look for distinction . . . in an unusual, flattering color . . . individual trim . . . the cut of a skirt. Distinction doesn't mean tribal colors or the most exaggerated lines. It merely means that the dress suits your personality, your coloring and the occasion for which it will be worn. Special-occasion clothes are the ones which will probably have a long life in your wardrobe. Make sure they will look right there before you buy them.

BY MILDRED SPICER

Fashion Editor

LAIOR THE OCCASION



ALL STYLES FEATURED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD.

If you're over 40 the revived fashion for hostess pyjamas is probably not for you. But for the careerist or young modern housewife they're pretty trimming for greeting guests on Christmas Eve. Ours (upper left) are black satin mandarin trousers worn with a lemon yellow brocaded jacket. (About \$25.) They can be alternated with evening sweaters and tailored blouses. The older woman is loveliest in a gracious dinner gown for formal evenings. Long fluid lines of dove-grey crepe and lace lend a slimming effect. Pastels or black are other color choices. Leave the sharp, high fashion shades to the teens and twenties. Dinner dress about \$50. For casual evenings a hostess gown has all the charm of gracious living. We like the emerald green satin, shown above, with a deep cape collar of jet black velvet. About \$30. A perfect tribute to the New Year is the short evening dress. In a starlight mood is this stiffened black net with bodice lace appliqué, twinkling with rhinestones. (About \$55.)



Imagine that!

the garters won't break! THEY'RE

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Continued from page 26

said. "I'm truly fascinated with your thoughts."

"It's a theory of mine," he went on contentedly, "that the search for a lasting happiness—"

Their ideas meshed and added themselves to one another. They walked through the parks in the new spring, and through the art galleries and museums. Sometimes they went to concerts, or ate in small hidden restaurants where the food was rich but inexpensive.

Once Lucy asked Harrison, "Does Lance have an independent income?"

Harrison's mouth tightened as it did whenever Lance was mentioned. "No," he answered. He lit a cigarette. "Lance, my dear, is an orphan. A poor orphan now, but brought up to luxury. Family traveled everywhere. Dozens of different schools. That sort of thing." He looked at her. "Why?"

Lucy faltered for a moment, having been so recently involved in the thought of Lance, young, thin, moved from place to place. And then alone.

"It's just that he's so — extravagant—" she murmured.

Harrison sat up a little straighter. "And I," he said with dignity, "am close."

Lucy shook her head, surprised. "No—"

"Would you like me better if I showered you with gardenias? And splattered champagne all over you?"

She shook her head again, watching the blaze in his blue eyes.

Harrison lowered his voice and moved its tone to reminiscence. "We lived in a red farmhouse, in the west where it snowed. Christmas had a crunchy sound and a cinnamon taste."

Lucy looked at him and thought, you darling. She said, "And when spring came, the trees couldn't wait to show off their wares. And summers you went barefoot and the dust climbed up around your ankles like soft shoes."

Harrison leaned toward her. "That's what I'm saving for, Lucy," he whispered. "It's worth giving up a gardenia now and then—"

Lucy said, "It's worth giving up a lot, Harrison."

He put his hand on hers. Just the touch was more serious than Lance's kiss. "I knew you would feel that way," he beamed. "I knew it."

That night Harrison kissed her. It was a dedicated sort of thing, warm but controlled.

In the daytime they all worked together on the paper. J. D. stopped trying after awhile and Lucy felt comfortable with him, sure of herself and her camera. Sometimes she went with Lance on assignments, holding her breath as his long car raced its way there and back, taking the pictures he told her, laughing a lot at his joyously cynical attitude toward the paper, the stories, the people, the world.

And every week end she took the train home, her week's salary snuggled in her bag, her mind busy with places to put this dollar and that.

Juney loved the tales of Lance and Harrison. "It's like a fairy story," she grinned. "Lucy and the Bachelors."

Lucy embroidered the edges of her things sometimes for Juney.

It was Juney who coaxed to see Harrison.

"It must be so hot in the city," she said. "And you say he's homesick for something real. And certainly we have

real things. And anyhow, he sounds nice."

Lucy stared off into space, letting the shade of the old tree seep into her war skin. "Don't you like the sound of Lance?" she asked casually.

Juney said, "He'd take you away. Go away himself. Harrison is the good one."

So when Harrison said, "It's such an exceptional concert, Lucy. I do wish you could give up your secret week-end excursions and come with me. I have passes—" Lucy interrupted him.

"You come with me, Harrison," she suggested suddenly. "I only go home, you know. No crunchy snow this time of year. But I can promise you the dust—and the sunshine and the trees—"

He stopped her with a quick hand on her arm. "Do you mean it?" he asked excitedly. "Am I going to meet you family?"

She smiled at him. "It doesn't mean what it did in grandmother's day, you know."

He nodded. "Oh, yes, it does. Indeed it does." He let go of her hand and cried "Wait till I tell Lance."

Lance followed her into the elevator Friday night. He looked tired, as dar men so often do when the neatness of their morning shave wears off.

He said, "Harrison tells me you two are off on a bucolic jaunt come tomorrow morning."

Lucy said, "How do you know it bucolic?"

He shrugged. "Where can you go from the city, except out—"

They stepped together from the elevator into the hot beating sunshine and the streets that felt melted and uncertain to their feet.

Lance squinted his eyes. "We could find an air-conditioned place and get our breaths and then dance a little—"

Lucy said, "No, thank you. No tonight. I have things to do." Suddenly she touched his sleeve. "You look so tired, Lance. As if all the late hours had caught up to you."

He straightened his shoulders. "Me Tired? Never say the word. And I was born for the middle of the night. You should know that."

"And the food," Lucy went on quietly. "You live on lobster and pâté de some thing. You need a soft-boiled egg, with nothing on it but salt and butter."

His laugh was wholehearted and gay. "So if you'd like to"—she paused—"I know it isn't your sort of thing. It will be dull, but if you'd like to—"

The tiredness wiped itself from his face. "If you're asking me to go along with you tomorrow—even with Adams there—I'm saying yes. But fast, before you change your mind. You need a chaperon with that earnest guy."

Lucy laughed, quite suddenly happier than she had been before she went down in the elevator. Quite suddenly looking forward to the week end. "We'll be chaperoned," she promised. "Never fear. We'll be chaperoned."

They met at the train. At first it was fun and then it grew less so. Lucy tried to figure it, tried to tell herself that she didn't care what Lance thought and if it was too much for him, he wasn't worth bothering about. He could just turn around and go back. And if he never asked her to go dancing and prancing again— She turned to Harrison.

He was looking eagerly at the people. "I've just thought of an idea for an editorial, Lucy," he whispered, excluding Lance. "It's a honey."

She nodded. Here was a solid young

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man, with a background like hers. Here was the true thrill of meeting minds.

She glanced at Lance. He looked bored and restless, his eyes focused unseeingly on the passing fields.

"You can always take the afternoon train back, Lance," she said helpfully.

His look, when it swung to hers, was baleful. "Or Adams can," he said darkly.

Harrison said calmly, "Now look here, Lance. If anybody has the right to be put out—I'm the one. After all, Lucy asked me—"

Lucy laughed, feeling better. "Perhaps you'll both want to take the night train back," she suggested. "And I asked you both."

When the train slowed for Franville, Lucy walked ahead of them to the door. She stood for one aghast moment looking out before she took the deep dip down the wide train steps.

"All we need is a band, she thought frantically. With a banner, "Welcome Home, Victorious Lucy."

Because they were all there, strung out on the dusty little wooden platform. Lucy felt Harrison and Lance stop and hush behind her. She straightened her shoulders and walked bravely away from them, letting them follow as soon as their shock would permit.

When she turned around her hand was on Juney's shoulder. She said, quite loudly, ignoring old Mr. Saltzman, whose face under his stationmaster's cap stood out in curiosity from the window that framed it, "It isn't as if I planned to marry either of you."

She lifted her chin and said, "It isn't as if I weren't proud of the whole crew."

She took a deep breath, moved Juney's wheel chair a little and intoned, "This is my sister Juney." She swung her hand out. "My brother Max. My brother Joe. My sister Tess. My brother Ted. And this is the baby, Ellenmae."

They all piped out their hellos. They were identically clean, identically excited, and identically shabby. Lucy really hadn't noticed how shabby till this moment.

At last she allowed herself to look at the bachelors, at the city men, at the playboy and the serious. Harrison had his hand on Juney's chair. He was pushing it slowly. Lance stood awkwardly between Ellenmae and Ted, the six- and the four-year-old.

They walked away from the station, led by Max and Joe, who called back directions. They moved down the sleepy streets of the small town. The trees leaned over them, and the men before the news store called out greeting. The women pushing in and out of the grocery store sized up the two strange young men, bent heads quickly together, mouths jammering.

They made a parade, and for a mo-

ment Lucy thought wearily, The A wood family always parades. Never walk down the street. Just the who darned army—

Even so, Franville looked cool and clean and welcoming. It wrapped her, it always had, in the feeling of home. She walked last, slowly, watching with a sort of fascination the way Ellenmae finally worked her hand into Lance's and Ted reached to touch the shimmer of the gold wristwatch.

Inexorably Lance dropped back beside her. Over the brushed heads of the youngest he said drily, "A quiet weekend in the country, eh?"

Lucy tried to smile. This was a wrong. She'd known it would be. "I agreed to bucolic. I didn't promise quiet."

Ellenmae cried, "You tell me a story, Man, and I'll show you the pig."

Lance said, "But definitely. But goody-goody."

Lucy looked straight ahead. "I don't think I like you."

She increased the tempo of her step, passed the centre of the parade, and pulled even with Juney and Harrison.

Juney was saying, her face grown to sweetness through pain and patience "This is really my idea, Mr. Adams. Lucy has told us such tales of her joy and the bachelors—" She shook her curls—"I shouldn't have said that. But you're like a legend to us kids—you and Mr. Brooks."

Harrison muttered, "Brooks and Adams. Sounds like a juggling team."

Lucy laughed.

Lucy said, "Juney is our major domo. Harrison. She controls the Army and sends them about their duties."

Harrison looked at Lucy. "Quite a remarkable crew." He smiled. "I was one of six myself. All married now, of course. My mother and father have the whole farm to themselves these days. Lonely, too, they say. As your folks will find out."

Lucy took her second deep breath. "My folks are dead, Harrison," she explained tonelessly.

He gulped. "No," he cried in a whisper. "Oh, no!"

Juney lifted her voice to him. "But we make out. Especially now that Lucy has such a fine job. I'm 15, you see, and Max is 13 and Joe 11. They really help. And even though Tess is only eight and a half she's wonderful with Teddy and Ellenmae—"

Harrison said bleakly, "And then, of course, you have Lucy every week end."

"Of course," Juney said complacently.

They stopped and the rear flanks caught up. Lucy stood quietly, feeling Harrison's strength on one side of her and Lance's length on the other. The old house, mellowed stone peering through the great trees, looked its age and its heritage.

FROM THE INSTITUTE

Your Christmas dinner — high spot of the day
Cranberries on your menu
How to make smooth crunchy shortbread
Coconut for delicious treats

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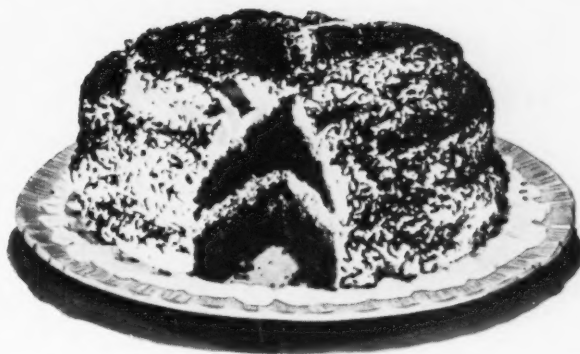
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AIN 3

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YOU can rack your brains figuring out fancy treats to put variety into your menus. Or, you can make meal-planning a cinch—getting variety from your baker's tray. For instance, at breakfast, give your family a treat with good, old-fashioned Cinnamon Buns. At lunch, please the hungry hordes with plump, tasty Jelly Doughnuts. At night, splurge with a rich, tempting Chocolate Cake. Yes, your baker has the variety you need—in Breads, Sweet Goods and Cakes—all *freshly-baked!* Share your burden with your baker—let *him* be your menu-maker.



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Harrison said, not with enthusiasm, "It's a beautiful place, Lucy."

Lance's dark voice came out thoughtfully. "If you don't get that chimney pointed up you're in for real trouble."

Max cried out, "Let's eat. I'm starved."

Joe lifted his angular thin neck. "I pulled the corn, Lucy, like you said."

Tess, the quiet one, said, "I fixed the table in the back garden. It's all ready."

Lucy beamed at them all. She thought, The devil with young men and

what they think. These are mine and I'm taking care of them. There's corn because I planted it, and the lawn is mowed because Max loves me and Tess learned to set a table properly because I taught her.

She raced up the curving drive past the wide front door which nobody used, through the gate of the high brick fence and into the back door. The smell of home came out to her.

In her room she shed the carefully tended city clothes, put on a sailcloth

skirt and a bulky clean white shirt that had been her father's. She ran back down the stairs again, feeling herself for the first time with these two men, the person she really was.

From the top of the stairs she saw Lance his coat off, his slim back toward her. His head was hidden in the cavern of the fireplace. Max and Joe leaned forward with him.

"Just as I thought," his muffled voice came to her. "Nests all the way up."

Lucy tried not to stop, but she had to

find out. "What can we do for the I'm sorry, doesn't t all next v Harrison h her," he board, "w are was al in the pan ne to si dly a new ra plowin enses. Luc Lucy cluck Tess said, ful old." I had to atoes, se ool work, k—" Lucy mur Harrison ce. And n Lucy said, go to ch the kids a big din hes to wa m done e hungry a —" She ting its ts of rhy H ve no ide ry for yo Lucy turn re you n is all lams. Th Harrison es were s He seeme Lucy sai t live o can yo tiorials v ink? The ernoan a The weec h neat he childr rden, dov e trees t ere. Lance h nts. H ly in th ees agai ainst th wed, ign at swirl Joe call is up we Max ca wild a rat Lance s Lucy sa shrill young voices, she thought about it, hurch."

Lucy said, "I'll try to find a man. Lance's head swung back into the fireplace. "You've got a man."

"But Harrison—" she started. The sounds that reverberated up the fireplace well were indistinct and phemous. They ended, "The hell with Harrison."

Lucy walked in unseen dignity to the kitchen. Harrison's coat was off and his sleek rolled up.

"I put the biggest pan over," he said to her footsteps. "Water for that morn takes a long time to boil."

Lucy stood close to him. "Thank you, Harrison," she said warmly.

"Think nothing of it. There's a certain amount of physical labor involved in feeding a mass meeting like this." He sighed. "I know from experience. Where are the potatoes?"

They worked companionably, except that Harrison sighed a lot, like a woman doing housework on feet that hurt. He was an artist with potatoes. The skins came off in circled peelings like long brown dirt curls. Tess could get over it. Neither could Ted or Ellenmae.

Harrison cried at last, "Beat it, can you? You're littering things up."

They stopped abruptly, small faces raised to see if he meant it. His eyes were cold blue and impersonal. They went out, hushed, sober.

Lucy said, "They need discipline, but live on, can you?"

Harrison stated, "They need a manly soft."

Lucy stared out the window. In the doorway of the toolhouse Lance squatted over Max's bicycle. He had found, or the boys had, a pair of Lucy's father's old pants. His shirt was off and his skin looked dark and very smooth in the sun. His hands, on the pedal chain, seemed to know what they were doing. All the family clustered around him. Even Juncy had pushed her chair closer. Max's bicycle was serious business. source of revenue, through papers and errands.

Lucy looked back into the kitchen. "I suppose they do," she agreed softly.

"Preferably one with plenty of the world's goods," Harrison stated shortly. He carried the steaming platter of corn carefully out the back door.

Lucy thought about it as she followed Max with the potatoes, as she made repeated trips with Harrison for the hot dogs, the salad, the biscuits. While they were eating, in the welter of laughter and shrill young voices, she thought about it.

Somewhat, Harrison's eye was impossible to catch. He sat at the end of the table eating steadily, looking at the house, the children, his plate, everywhere but at Lucy.

When Lucy stood up at last she announced, "There's a croquet set. There's a hammock. There are books."

Harrison offered, "I'll help with the dishes."

Lance just flicked a glance at Lucy. "The boys and I have some weeding to do in the back garden," he finished.

Harrison was a good dish drier. Tess washed for him, standing on the little box Max had made for her. Lucy turned the washer on, and piled clothes into the white soap foam.

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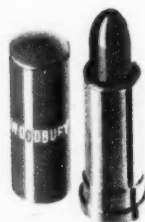
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"I'm sorry," she apologized. "But if doesn't get done we're tattle-tale all next week."

Harrison polished a plate. "My cher," he ruminated, eyes set on the board, "washed three times a week. There was always an ironing board set in the pantry. My father never had a chance to sit down and read a book, dly a newspaper. He had to take a plowing to keep up with the enses. He was an old man at 40."

Lucy clucked.

Hess said, "Of course he was. Forty's full old."

"I had to chop the wood, plant the potatoes, sell them in town, do my cool work, walk three miles there and back—"

Lucy murmured, "Did you really?"

Harrison sighed again. "And the se. And never any privacy—"

Lucy said, loudly, "Tomorrow we will go to church. We will come home the kids will run wild and there'll be a big dinner to cook, and a million hoes to wash, and just when we get done everybody will come running hungry all over again. It's a hard —" She kept her eyes on the washer, ting its chug-chug come to her in sts of rhythm.

"It is," Harrison sympathized. "You ve no idea how shocked I am. How ry for you—"

Lucy turned around from the washer. re you now? Well, you needn't be. is is all-right stuff, Mr. Harrison lams. This is good."

Harrison did look at her then. His es were sad. They were apologetic. He seemed to choke. "I—Lucy—I—"

Lucy said, quiet and gently, "You t live on crunchy snow and cinnan, can you, Harrison?" She went on, ll soft, "You really should get those torials written tomorrow, don't you nk? There's a train leaves here this ernoorn at five-thirty." She grinned. The weeds in the bean rows were gone, th neat new dirt taking their place. he children were gone, too. Lucy lked abstractedly past the back rden, down the narrow paths, through d hie trees to the creek. They were all ere.

Lance had doffed Lucy's father's nts. His purple silk shorts looked ly in the sunshine. He was on his es again, this time piling rocks up y. ainst the place where the creek nar ed, ignoring the cold bright water at swirled around his slim body.

Joe called, "Lance says we block is up we got us a swimming pool."

Max called, "Then we're going to eateild a raft."

Lance said, "I told you tomorrow for ere raft. After church."

Lucy said, "You don't have to go to out it church."

Lance swung around a little, a flat of thek in his hand. "Of course I don't," he d thereed. "But I'd like to meet the ery minister."

June was sorting a boxful of nails an the raft. "He's been telling us about ereadia and Egypt," she whispered to Lucy. Aloud she asked, over the sound of the brook, "Why do you want to meet ie minister?"

"Like to make arrangements," Lance id, as if that explained everything.

For some reason Lucy's heart began to Tessase itself in the washer's chug-chug lthaythm, only faster.

Lance stood up. "Take over, Max," he ordered. He walked calmly through

the water and picked up Lucy's father's pants. When they were on, he turned to Lucy.

"Next week end," he said, "I can bring some cement for those chimney stones. It won't take 15 minutes to straighten them."

Lucy was so involved with her palpitations that his words seemed to come to her in waves.

"Over there," Lance went on, pointing, "would be a wonderful view of the valley if we just cut down about four trees. By winter the wood will be dry enough for the fireplace—"

Lucy swallowed her breath. "You— seem to be doing a lot of planning," she managed throatily.

Lance nodded. "Harrison left yet?"

Lucy looked up, surprised. "He will," she said. "By five."

Lance said, "Let us take a walk till ten after five, then. I promised the kids flapjacks for supper. Got any sour milk?" He started to move toward the thickness of the back wood lot.

Lucy found her steps matching his. Over his shoulder he commanded, "Carry on, Max—Joe!"

Their "yesses" roared out together.

It was cool. It was quiet. Lucy knew it was quiet. She'd been there before. But the roaring in her ears belied her knowledge.

After a while Lance said, "Trouble with Adams is he doesn't like kids."

Lucy swallowed again. "Do you— do you like kids, Lance?"

Lance stared straight ahead. "Never had anybody to play with before, Lucy," he said slowly. "Never a chick nor a child."

Warmth rushed to Lucy's cheeks in a glowing sweep.

Lance slowed his walk to a careless saunter. "You'd have to work for awhile," he meditated. "But I've already got my book started. It's going to be a good one." His voice was light, but it wasn't quite steady. "I bring you no dowry, darling," he quipped. "Only myself and my two lily-white hands."

For a moment Lucy saw, with amazement, those hands, pushing a pole up the fireplace, knuckling together the links of the pedal chain, pulling the garden weeds, piling the rocks in the creek.

Then she saw them in reality, as they came out of Lance's pockets and reached toward her. She lifted her glance to his eyes. They were dark beyond darkness and there was no gay light in them.

"I'd like three children, please," he said solemnly, as if he were ordering a cocktail.

"Three," Lucy gasped. "With all these—"

"In a household as large as this," Lance cried grandly, "they will hardly be noticed."

Max's changing voice came ringing down the narrow path to them.

"Hey, Lucy," he yelled. "Whatya-know? Mr. Adams is going."

Lance whispered, "Let him go." He moved closer to Lucy.

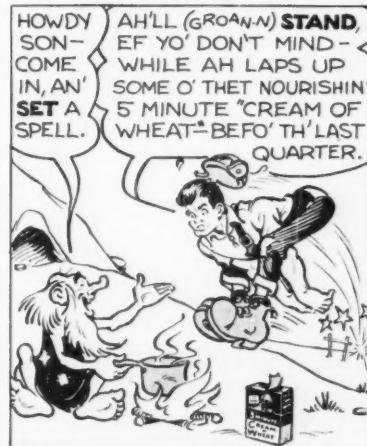
There was something fatalistic and right about the way the long dark face came closer and closer.

"Let him go," Lucy called sweetly and dreamily to Max. She took one step forward herself.

Lance kissed her. This time it was not gay. This time it was not meaningless. This time it was to be taken seriously. It was also fun. +

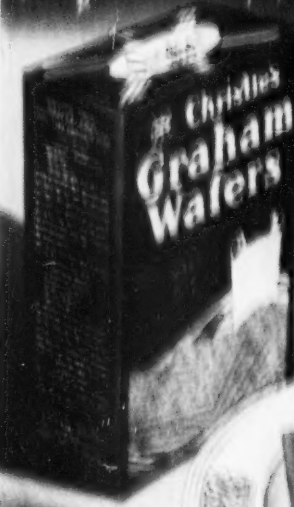


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as you enjoy Chateau
even with Chateau's Biscuits as
Canada's favourite blended and
aged to smoo, light perfection.
Chateau's Biscuits always
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happiest, favored
best!

Continued from page 22

In addition, his wife likely would begin referring to "your friend Dorothy Brantley." When he said, "What do you mean, my friend? She's my friend of mine," his wife would reply, "Oh, I thought she was. I thought you and Dorothy Brantley stood around discussing me. Why don't you call her up now and see what she's doing? I'm sure you'd find her very interesting."

The year are in what a mess this poor old fellow involved himself? At the very outset he should have given a frank and complete report of the conversation, and then added: "I think Dorothy Dorothy is a pain in the neck."¹²

Conversely, when a woman is un-
naturally gay and vivacious, the male
should be on guard. She may be
leading him on to ask: "What are you
so happy about today?" to which she
will reply: "Oh, I don't know. It's a
nice day, isn't it?" This will make him
nervous because he knows it's not the
correct answer, and this is exactly the
effect the female desires to create.
Subtly is the best attitude for the male
to adopt on such an occasion. He should
be silent and studious until he fears
what a crying life.

On the other hand, when a woman says something complimentary to him about another woman, the male must be equally alert lest he sagittates toward propriety. She may say to him, for instance, "Marian Williams is very attractive, don't you think?" Given the question, he will make a mistake if he does violently and reply: "No, she's terrible." The woman is that the man knows and so does everybody else that Marian Williams is *not* terrible.

The father is being intrusive. He is being intrusive. He will annoy the ward about negative himself with her. I will say, "Oh, I suppose so." The woman is saying him to a man who is not. I will say the woman is William with I cannot imagine any other person would be the one.

This method will apply to anything and is particularly effective against "Earl Warren & his cronies & gang that are so safe and sure. & are immune to fear." Earl also may be all right & I wouldn't want to say anything on the late. You know what I think best, nevertheless.

The Prolonged Silence

"If I had any blood like yours, I'd ask a woman to marry me."

Now the man knows how old J. Porter is to the exact year for he was in school with her. He knows J. Porter is 41. So he says: "Oh, she be about 45 or 46 I'd say."

The woman will then say: "She's on it."

"Forty-one?" the man will exclaim incredulously. "Do you mean to say when Porter is only the same age as I am, she looks a lot older."

Here again it is necessary to caution against exaggeration. The male should never, for instance, add so many years that his guess sounds implausible. In this case the woman will detect that he is merely forced gallantry. Sincerity is the very essence of the age-guessing method of flirtation.

Although women are renowned for talking a great deal, it is a paradox that they are also experts in a peculiar, feminine form of torture known as 'volunteering the Silence'. Shorn of technical and scientific terms, this means simply that they can shut up for long periods when hurt or annoyed.

Against this procedure the normal male has little defense. The objective of the female is to force him to speak. When this occurs, she knows she has scored a decisive point and invariably is quick to press her advantage. He does this by declining to explain what is the matter with her. After long silence the male, finding the conversational void insufferable, will often by mounting uneasiness, exclaim, "What's the matter with you anyway?" This is always a fatal mistake. It will be met with the retort: "Nothing. Nothing at all." If he is vigorously imbued as to say further then why are you acting like that? He will be given the reply: "What do you mean? Acting like what? I'm feeling a little rough." 127

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This question and answer period will continue for as long as the female desires to prolong the torture. When she is satisfied she will come out with something such as: "You didn't need to make fun of my figure in front of those people. Yes you did too make fun of it."

When a young man is courting a woman, he should be especially vigilant to establish whether she means what she says or means the opposite or means something lying halfway between. Many an attractive young female has been lost forever to a complacent male because he failed to take this elementary precaution.

For instance, the male enamored of the female should at once be on his guard if she continues to make a series of derogatory remarks about another male who is a mutual acquaintance. He should be especially alerted if the slighting statements contain references to the "conceit" or "vanity" of the second male. A declaration such as: "I can't stand that Jim Bradford, he's so stuck on himself," can be downright dangerous if repeated at frequent intervals, for what the female actually means in this case is: "I can't stand that Jim Bradford, he won't pay any attention to me." If a woman really means it when she says she dislikes a male, she will say so and cease referring to him. If she only believes she means it, however, she will continue her verbal harpooning of him. In this case, should Mr. Bradford suddenly begin to take an ardent notice of the female, her feelings toward him would undergo a radical and apparently inexplicable change.

The original male, dumfounded and chagrined, likely would ask a question such as: "Do you mean to say you're going out with that conceited prig of a Jim Bradford?" and would be met with the rejoinder: "Oh he's really quite nice when you get to know him."

The Insult Subtle

Women have developed a high degree of skill in subtly insulting each other under the guise of paying each other compliments. The Insult Subtle is a spine-chilling procedure for the male to observe and he must avoid, at all costs, being drawn into the conversation when two females are circling each other. The Insult Subtle consists in saying something in such a way that although it appears to be a compliment both females are aware that it's not a compliment but an Insult Subtle.

Clever women, for instance, are especially vulnerable to the Insult Subtle, when delivered by a Sweet Little Thing. A Sweet Little Thing at a party will introduce a clever woman like this: "We all admire Vivian so much. She's really so clever." The implication is that Vivian is clever, all right, but you ought to see the look of her house. Vivian, of course, knows this and very likely will await her chance and tell the Sweet Little Thing: "Everybody says you're such a terribly good housekeeper. I guess it must take up a lot of your time." Both of them know, in this instance, that the Sweet Little Thing is being told that it is obvious from her conversation that it must take up a lot of her time.

The Good Husband is a device which females use both for harrying their own husbands and for insulting other women. For both purposes, of course, the Good

Husband is always possessed by, for ins

other woman. When a man hears a woman say so at a party, he's so good to Betty, or a certainly is a good husband," he's not he is being informed it would be a matter of thing if he were a little more like a this co old Joe. There is nothing difficult in this understand in this procedure.

However, if his wife were to tell Betty Caley the same thing and on telling her, this would very soon on Betty's nerves. Women realize at the end of the statement, "She's such a Good Husband," there lurks a phrase, "She doesn't deserve him," in addition to all that women, for a perverse reason, have a reluctance toward being associated with a man who can be described as "good old Joe."

Throughout the centuries women have developed their own system of logic, which in many ways is unique and particularly feminine. A woman, however, should never admit to herself this and, more than that, she should emphatically deny it when discussing the matter with females. With a man, of course, he can afford himself the luxury of reveling in the truth. The modern woman, however, believes is just as logical as the male and, in addition, likes to hold to the belief that she uses precisely the same rules of logic. Only a fool would attempt to argue with her on this point. In fact, it is his please her if he encourages her in the belief always provided, of course, that he is completely aware the belief is fallacious.

Women are mistresses of the Double Shift method of logic which they empty apply to almost anything.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a male says to a female: "Why don't you wear your dresses longer?" This is apparently an innocuous query, but a wretched male could foresee when asked it.

The female, of course, will immediately ask: "Why? Don't you like my legs?"

The male, seized with that sinking lost feeling, will realize his mistake and attempt to squirm out, but the Double Shift has seized him by the ears. It is only a matter of time before the female gets around to announcing: "You say you didn't like my legs and I'm getting tired of being criticized like this all the time. If you don't like my legs why couldn't you have been honest and said so long ago instead of acting like such a sneak all these years."

If the male should enquire: "Why don't you wear your hair shorter?" the Double Shift will convert this from the question: "Why? Do you think it's too long, young like this for my age?" into the statement: "You practically said I was making a fool of myself acting like I was a teen-ager."

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the male should go to extraordinary lengths to avoid becoming enmeshed in the Double Shift. Care should be taken to scrutinize even the most harmless appearing remark if it appears to another member of the female sex.

The female arrives at her Double Shift conclusion with almost amazing inspiring speed, leaving the hapless male to flounder wildly as he attempts to fix the point at which things went awry. Let us take such an innocent observ

assessed by, for instance, as the following: "You w, I admire Monica. She always is so attractive yet she never seems to Betty, or a female, adept in the Double band," he kit system of logic, it would take but would be a matter of moments for her to end up more like a this conclusion: "Well, if you think hing difficult nica is so much more attractive than edure. n and so much more economical than m and is able to get along with so thing and y less clothes than I do, why don't ld very soon try living with her for awhile and men realize how you'd make out? I'm sure ment, "She'd just love to have you."

There lurks happily for the males, however, serve him, men have one paramount weakness women, for a sex. It is one which should be e a reluctored and studied by all males if d with a y are ever to get their backs off the "good old J.L.

centuries w his fortunate defect is that women own system not always present a solid front ys is unique inst men, but have on numerous ine. A nassions been known to fall out among dmit he k himself over individual males. This hat, shapensity for blaming one another hen disculd, of course, be encouraged and s. With misted by every red-blooded male rd himself rthy of the name.

Sow Seeds of Discord

he truth. er, believes o the belief n attempting, for his own protection, rules of loset females against each other, the mpt to arle must, of course, use every strategy In fact, it his command. To speak of chivalry es her in the battle of the sexes is dangerous of course, nsense. What the male must keep in the belief is that the female has natural vantages through her instincts and of the Douining which he does not possess. To hich they mpt to erase this advantage through le and deception is not lack of stance, thavalry but mere common sense. Why don't Women are capable of being divided. r?" This e males must set themselves the task query, but studying the weaknesses of the eese whenale sex. It is fortunately true for d never ha males that females have an under-ng suspicion and intolerance of one will immother. This, in turn, prevents them you like m presenting a solid front when one them (or numbers of them) becomes that sinkolved in a breach of any form of s mistake andardized code.

ut the DouWhen a woman, who has attained he ears. omninance in politics, society or the ore the fems, commits some breach of a social

I WALK BY NIGHT

Continued from page 4

quire: "Wiken at the beginning of the harbor shorter?" him. This from tAfter such a realistic and active night-think it's rare, I would start awake trembling e?" into the an aspen, heart pounding wildly, y said I wad, invariably, on the verge of hystericting like I tears.

too strong The subject of somnambulism has extraordi en written and argued over all down emmeshed e centuries. "In somnambulism the uld be tak agination presents images to the st harmle eper exactly as in dreams," wrote an th century medico. "In dreams we e objects as clearly as in bright day-ht, because the light which has nveyed the objects to the brain presses them there." According to an ient tome on the history of somnam-lism and hallucinations (circa 1855) the sleepwalker's hearing is frequently reserved and questions are heard and

code, the male, if he is alert, can sow seeds of discord among the females. He can achieve this end by defending the erring female. No device is so guaranteed to increase the denunciatory expressions as this. Once he has set the women to quarreling among themselves, the male should withdraw tactfully from the conversation, re-entering it only when he feels the animosity is lagging.

In affairs of the heart, of course, women are particularly susceptible to being set against one other. Women do not go about the business of dividing up the available males on an unbiased and objective basis. There is no calm del'beration about the matter. There is no tendency, for instance, to say: "I like this one but Dorothy wants him, too, and as she deserves him more than I do she can have him and I'll take this other one."

No such judicial procedure prevails among women in search of mates. In fact, the very fact that Dorothy did want the particular male would make the other female desire him just that much more. The male, on such occasions, can very often get the female he wants merely by waiting for the females to exhaust one another.

One final word of caution is necessary. The male should diligently strive to amass knowledge of the female sex merely, as has been pointed out before, for his own survival. When he has gained whatever knowledge he can, he should keep this strictly to himself or, in any event, within the circle of other males. To permit the information that he has, by dint of hard work and observation, gained a certain amount of knowledge of the female sex, is to place him immediately in jeopardy.

Women, when confronted by a man with a supposed knowledge of women, are possessed of an irresistible impulse, amounting almost to a sacred duty, to show him that he actually doesn't know very much about women at all.

When confronted with the female a pretended show of ignorance is always the best refuge of the male.

In the final analysis, if the male cannot outwit the female, he should strive with every guile and wile he can muster at his command to get them to outwit one another. +

replied to as in waking. Touch is nearly always perfect and frequently possesses great delicacy. This is the sense which controls all the actions of the somnambulist.

One fascinating case history cited in the book was that of a female sleep-walker who, dreaming that her husband was unfaithful to her, "rose up from her bed and smote him with a scabbard, which she was in the habit of carrying on her person at all times."

The most embarrassing performance I ever staged took place about five years ago, when Ned was away on a business trip. I pushed up the window as far as possible on that hot July night, then retired to my downy nest and drifted off to sleep. One moment I had switched off the light, and the next, or so it seemed, I was standing, wide awake, in the back lane outside my bedroom window, clad in a pyjama jacket and scanties!

I gaped up at the window six feet above me, mouth ajar and eyes popping. Hastily I gauged the space between

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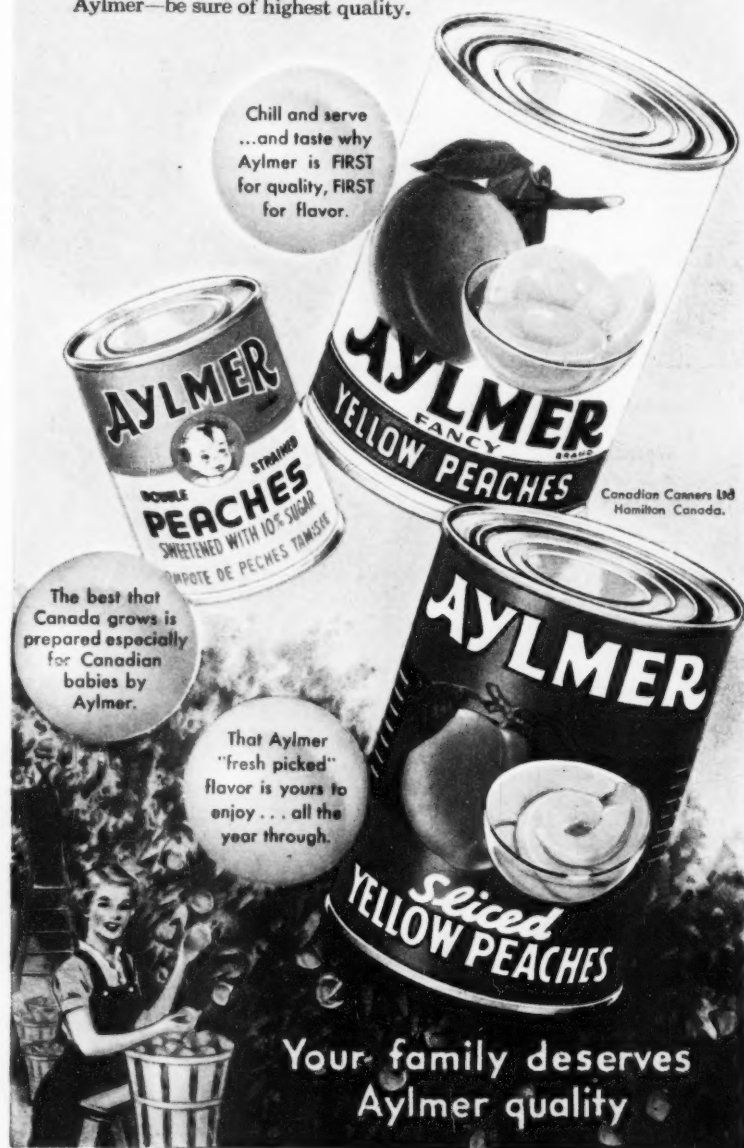
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the ground and window, then looked down at my bare feet with dismay. Not possessing the spider legs necessary to walk up the wall and into my bedroom, I turned and gazed up the lane—completely devoid of bins or boxes to stand on—which was the only other way to get back into the flat unseen.

Praying for some form of invisibility, I began my tortuous journey along the stony lane (I hobbled like a lame bantam for the rest of the week), pausing every few moments to glance furtively around for the eyes I was certain were watching me. About three minutes and 10 years later I arrived at the main entrance of the building which faced on Pine Avenue (Montreal), negotiating the final 10 feet in one unladylike leap.

Still my troubles were far from over. The janitor, Mr. Gunch, had to be roused before I could so much as cross my own threshold. Trembling with fear and mortification, I pressed his bell, hoping that the rest of the Gunch family were sound sleepers.

Luck was with me for the first time that terrible night. The janitor opened the door instantly, alone and fully dressed, including hat and overcoat. He obviously didn't believe a word of my gabbled story, but he obligingly produced the pass key without comment. At that point I faced one of life's darkest moments.

My front door was unlatched!

In a flash I remembered leaving it on the latch earlier in the evening when I went to the post box. If the flash had only occurred sooner I could have opened the door quietly and stepped inside without a living soul discovering my predicament.

I have wondered since whether Mr. Gunch had been planning to take permanent leave of wife and family on that fateful night. Come to think of it, he looked about as guilty as I felt. Anyway he was very much in evidence next day and considerate enough not to favor me with any knowing leers.

Such is the life of a somnambulist!

In the Nova Scotia town where I spent my girlhood and early years of marriage, my nighttime promenades were regarded as something of a joke by friends and family, myself included. No one ever suggested that I pour it forth to a psychiatrist; they were practically unheard of in those days anyway. In the majority of small Canadian towns the family doctor usually combined the triple duties of physician, welfare counselor and psychiatrist whenever it became necessary, so I took my troubles to him.

Old Doctor Joe first of all read a few excerpts from a faded, dusty tome which said, in effect, that when a sleeper's motor powers were active, but his controlling centres were completely dormant, somnambulism was the inevitable result. He then shut the yellowed pages with a resounding clap, shook an admonishing finger under my nose and thundered: "Don't take your troubles to bed with you, girl! Take Silas Marner or Ogden Nash, but for the lord's sake, check your problems at the door!"

Unfortunately innumerable midnight prowls were to come and go before I made any effort to follow his advice. I finally uncovered the reason for my wanderings at a friend's birthday party, of all places!

"Come on over here and be properly analyzed, darling!" cried Susan, tugging me as I stood hesitantly in the doorway. She introduced me to Dr. Green, who appeared willing to take the busman's holiday for the remainder of the evening. He listened intently to some of my more amusing nocturnal activities, then finally put his hand on a childhood game of hide-and-seek during which I was accidentally locked in a dark windowless cupboard for an hour. In spite of a lapse of 25 years the shattering experience returned me with crystal-like clarity under questioning.

The cupboard was without a window and the door was firmly locked on the outside, so there I remained, caged like a small eternity like some terrified bird. Dr. Green pointed out that lack of a window on that occasion caused my dreams to be subconscious, haunted by windows ever since, sending me on endless dream quests for the state of "frenzied futility" as he aptly phrased it.

Did he think that, as a rule, the subconscious minds of sleepwalkers protected them from serious danger? queried hopefully, after we had covered all the aspects of my own particular case.

"That would depend entirely on the nervous temperament of each individual who has the tendency to somnambulate," Dr. Green replied emphatically. "The majority of sleepwalkers can probably walk a tightrope or waltz through heavy traffic without danger. The remainder are apt to get into water almost as soon as they fall asleep. He added with a smile and a shrug.

Was somnambulism supposed to be hereditary, I persisted, stubbing out my final cigarette regretfully. No, according to the case histories he had studied. He admitted, however, that nervous disposition could be inherited which might eventually lead to somnambulism or some other neurotic habit.

After that, psychologist and "neurotic" parted company to hunt for their respective mates—one mate to be subjected to a monologue on the inner workings of a sleepwalker's mind. As I may have remarked before, Ned, my husband, was by then a long-suffering and patient man!

That same night I took a final stroll. Since then, with the exception of chattering like a magpie, or jerking upright abruptly, I have managed to stay in my bed—touch wood! Doing no worrying in the daytime—and digging out the root of the trouble with the help of Dr. Green—were unbearable factors in the eventual exorcising of my malady.

My final prowls were only as far as the living room. According to Ned, I rose from my fitful slumbers, tucked the alarm clock firmly underneath my arm and sped swiftly from the room without even a glance at the window. I volunteered myself up in an unsuccessful effort to balance the timepiece on the extreme edge of the coffee table. But I could not for the life of me remember answering my husband when he exclaimed, "What in the name of heaven d'you think you're doing?" or words to that effect. Apparently the reply was, "I'm trying to find out what I do when I walk in my

Continued on page 89

Main Dish Magic

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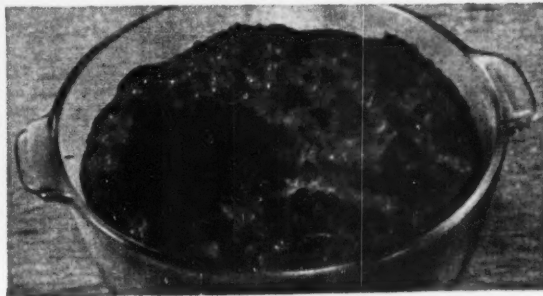
is the word for Canned Salmon Baked Potatoes

1/2 lb. Canned Salmon, flaked
 4 baked potatoes
 2 tablespoons butter
 Salt and pepper
 1 tablespoon minced parsley
 2 tablespoons grated cheese
 A little hot milk
 Paprika
 Lemon juice
 2 tomatoes.
 1 tin peas

Bake potatoes until tender, make a cut in the top of each, scoop out potatoes, keep skins hot. Mash potato, add butter and just enough hot milk to moisten. Add parsley, seasonings and cheese. Squeeze juice of lemon over Canned Salmon and lightly fold the Canned Salmon into the potato. Replace in skin, sprinkle paprika on top and place potatoes under broiler for a moment. Serves four.



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SALMON en CASSEROLE: Combine 1 lb. flaked salmon and 1/2 cup grated cheese, add 2 beaten eggs, and 1 cup milk. Pour mixture into buttered casserole dish. Pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over 3 crackers rolled and sprinkle on top of casserole. Pour juice of 1 lemon over all. Cover casserole and set in dish of water and bake in moderate oven, 350-375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 4.



CANNED SALMON PUFFS: Flake 1 lb. salmon and add 1/2 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper and 3/4 cup bread crumbs and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Add 3 beaten egg yolks; mix thoroughly and then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased custard cups. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 300 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Unmold on a hot platter, garnish and serve with a tartar sauce.

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THE RETURN

BY Edward McEnd



Ricky illustrated this. He mostly draws bears, miners, cows, farmers, moose and bushmen because he knows and likes them.

Jimmy Wallace had been gone from the north a year, and now he was back.

That June day, a year ago, when he had crawled out of the bush dragging his broken, splintered leg behind him, was a day deep-etched in his memory. He remembered his delirium, the burning fever, and above all, the whining stinging swarm of flies that followed his blood smell.

There had been moments when he thought he wouldn't make it, but he kept on crawling, and then suddenly, unbelievably, he saw the camp through the fringe of shore-line jackpine, the sprawl of tents and tar-paper shacks, with the glint of the blue lake beyond. Dimly, he remembered the blur of familiar faces coming toward him, the arms of friends, and later, the soaring flight of the plane southward to the city.

He had then a year in and out of hospital, of being caged in the den of city life. But at last he sat in the park staring morosely at the diagram of geranium beds and green grass plots, and he thought again of the northland. An overwhelming nostalgia came over him, and he felt a twist at his heart.

He rose and hobbled into the street, straight to the ticket office. His bad leg still hurt, but he was going north. Sure, there was work he could get to do. With eloquent profanity, he decided himself for having taken so long coming to such a simple decision.

Now Jimmy Wallace was back. He had, of course, expected some change in the camp. Since he left it, the place had become a new name in Canada, a new place in the world. It was another of those

Golcondas that Canadians are forever building in the wilderness.

And, too, he had somehow expected that his old friends would be on hand to greet him. After all, he was one of the originals in the camp, practically a pioneer. He had visualized the handshaking, the back-slapping, and afterwards, in some prospector's shack, the long tall yarns, the turning back of time.

But now, standing on the lake-shore, he saw the changes wrought in a year. Everything once familiar had vanished. The old shack camp had disappeared. A town stood there in its place. No one came forward to greet him. He saw none he knew. A man passed him and did not speak. A crew of workmen sorting freight high on the beach looked at him and did not know him. He was a stranger, unknown, lonely, forgotten.

Limping, with his pack on his shoulder, he advanced into the town. It had a tiny post office, a church, a bank, stores, hotels and houses, and workmen were busy finishing a new outpost hospital. Far out, where the road climbed into the hills, he could see the clustered buildings of two mineheads.

Behind the main street, in a new clearing littered with stumps, he saw a painted schoolhouse with a bleached flagpole above it.

The sight of the flagpole did something to Jimmy Wallace. He would never have said he was patriotic, and certainly wouldn't have believed a piece of stamped cloth could move him as he was moved at that moment. It wasn't really patriotism, he told himself—just a flag on a new school in a new town on a northland trail he had helped to blaze. And it



le

building was, too, the sudden realization of what it had taken to bring that flag three hundred miles into the wilderness—the courage, the resolution, the strength of a people.

He plodded on. Men and women passed him and some nodded, as people do to a stranger. Children played around trucks loaded with supplies for the mines. From open doors he heard voices and laughter, and a radio playing in an upstairs window.

In the whole town there was no one he knew. Clearly, his old friends had moved north. They were up ahead somewhere in the hills, on a new trail. In time there would be another town. It was the way the country was going, northward, into the new Canada.

Jimmy Wallace felt lost and lonely, left behind, and he stood looking around, wondering what to do with himself. It was then his eyes fell on a crudely lettered sign-post across the road. He read it twice before he realized what it meant:

WALLACE ST.

His eyes sparkled and he threw out his chest a little. He wasn't forgotten after all!

All at once the sun-glare seemed too bright. Jimmy Wallace pulled his old sweat-stained hat lower over his eyes, and rubbed his chin stubble for a time. Then, hitching his trousers, he turned resolutely across the street to where a truck driver stood by the open door of his cab.

"How far north you going?" he asked.

"End of the road. Ten mile".

"Then you've got yourself a passenger", Jimmy said, and threw his pack up back and hoisted himself into the cab.



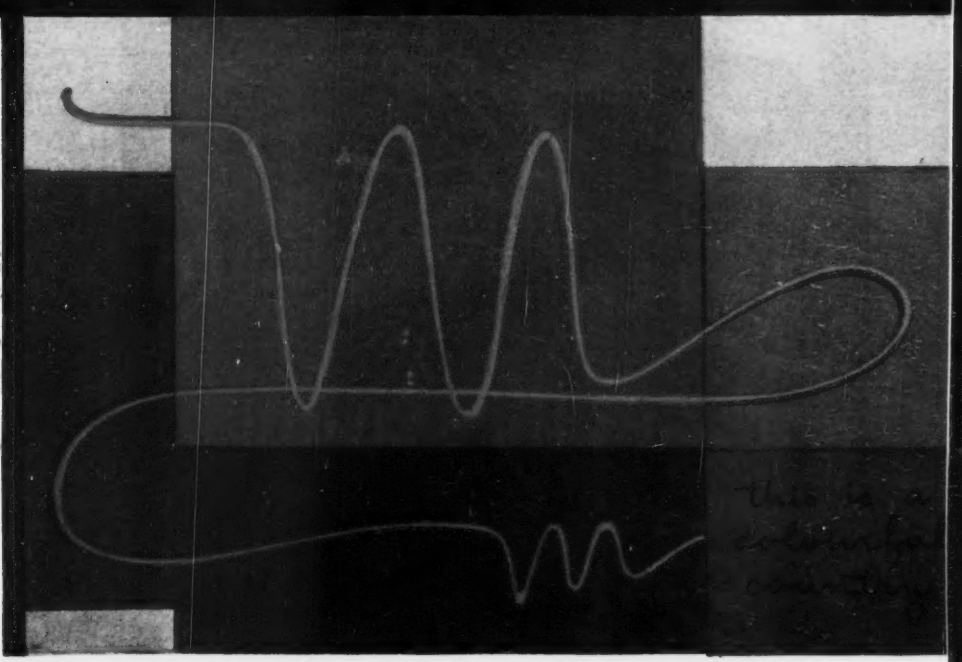
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HALLOWE'EN PIERRETTE

Continued from page 12

mother down. But when it was right, then Rebecca felt she had done something for her mother. It admitted to her only intimacy with her mother. She felt she had held up her end. Then they could look at each other, meet each other's eyes.

Even then they didn't say much. Just a few words. "It's right," her mother might say, and maybe Rebecca would answer "Yes." Or maybe she wouldn't say anything. Maybe she'd just turn around and show off the back. But it was enough. It was all the sign of affection her mother allowed, all that Rebecca was able to give. Now, between them they had really achieved. They had created a Pierrette.

"Is the ruff too full?" her mother asked.

Rebecca shook her head. "If you hadn't doubled the material—"

"I could see." Her mother motioned with her hand, and Rebecca turned around. "Can you sit down?"

Rebecca sat on the vanity stool, looked up at her mother. Mrs. Blanchard nodded.

From the street came the sound of a car horn. Rebecca leaped up.

"Put on your coat, Becky," her mother said sharply.

Rebecca picked up her coat, a dark murky blue-grey, and reluctantly tried to fit her costume into it.

"Well, then," her mother said, "put it over your shoulders."

Rebecca's eyes flashed radiant and grateful, but closed down soberly when they met her mother's.

"Be sure to put it on coming home. It won't matter about the costume then. Do you hear?"

"Yes, mother." She started down the stairs, and her mother followed.

At the front door Mrs. Blanchard peered behind the curtain. "Are you sure Elizabeth's father is going?"

"Of course, mother."

"Well, see that you behave yourself."

"Yes, mother."

Rebecca slipped out and closed the door gently behind her. Then she ran down the long steps to the street, and as she ran, she felt that she was flying. As she jumped down the last step, Elizabeth opened the door of the car, but not as if to let her in, rather to bar her way. "Why, Becky," she said, her eyes darting at the costume, "what are you dressed up like that for?"

"I'm Pierrette," Rebecca said, and even then failed to notice that Elizabeth wore her familiar brown velvet dress-up dress.

"But it isn't a costume party," Elizabeth said, and her voice held suppressed

excitement. She had picked Rebecca for a friend, but when she brought the friendship was a bitterness of disappointment and a moderate need to be superior, to scorn. She was a plain girl whose awkwardness would not be softened to curves, and in moments of excitement the sharpness of her features seemed to stretch more out until knobs of her cheekbones listened. "It's just a party," Elizabeth repeated, watching Rebecca inquisitively, "it's a costume party."

"It's Hallowe'en," Rebecca protested. But she didn't say it with any conviction for with a sinking within her, she knew Elizabeth was right. She had known it all along, she guessed, but when her mother said, "I suppose now we have to make a costume," she had caught up in the idea. She had never worn a costume, never known the masquerade.

"You want to run back and change into a dress?" Elizabeth's father asked innocently. He didn't know that

costume had changed Rebecca. His mind was preoccupied with the evening of freedom ahead of him as he delivered the girls and until he had to pick them and he didn't what the costume had done to Rebecca.

"You'd better," Elizabeth said, umphantly. Smoothed the brown velvet dress over her knees. Rebecca not even having a silk dress, she knew Rebecca out of costume would with her on the lines of the party. Rebecca in her costume might go anywhere.

Rebecca thought of her mother peering down to the street to watch

departure, and knew she couldn't back and change out of the costume. Even if she had a party dress to wear.

"I think I'll go this way," she said breathlessly, and pushed into the car.

"You'll be sorry," Elizabeth said. Her face darkened angrily. "You'll be sorry."

"Maybe not," Mr. Spencer said mildly. "Maybe someone else will wear a costume, too. After all, it's Hallowe'en."

He started the car, and Rebecca watching out of the window saw the curtains of the front door fall back. The frightened beating of her heart calmed down. So long as her mother didn't know, she didn't care whether she was the only one in costume. She could pretend she didn't mind. She didn't care if anyone else came in costume, but maybe someone would. It was Hallowe'en, as Mr. Spencer said. Maybe someone else would make the mistake. Only cold and stiff, she already knew that no one else would make the mistake. No one else would come in costume. She would be the only one.

Continued on page 48

I Like Gloomy Days

By MONA GOULD

I like gloomy days in the changing autumn

When the rain swishes down like a dripping whisk broom

And swabs down the streets till they're wet black ribbons

And currys the orchards till the stout fruit is left

And the wet grass is pied with the frail-colored windfalls.

All the grey rooftops get a thorough sloshing

And the porch steps glisten like wet new paint;

Even the hydrants and the stocky red mailboxes

Look sleek, and shining and quite ornamental.

Sing not of melancholy when the fall rains threaten

For the tired dusty world holds her parched hands up

And the bright cool silver has a way of making lovely

The bark . . . and the leaf . . . and the acorn cup.



Sensitive skin. "Noxzema is a wonderful cream for my sensitive skin," says lovely Mrs. Connie McDiarmid of Ottawa. "I use it at least three or four times every day—and as a make-up base and night cream. It refreshes my skin while it protects!"



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Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped to correct my skin's tendency towards dryness," says Mrs. Isabel Ower, University Librarian of Edmonton. "It's my all-purpose cream—an excellent night cream and powder base."



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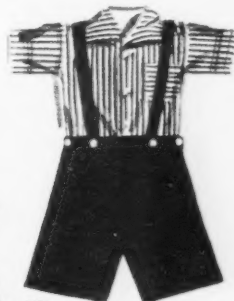
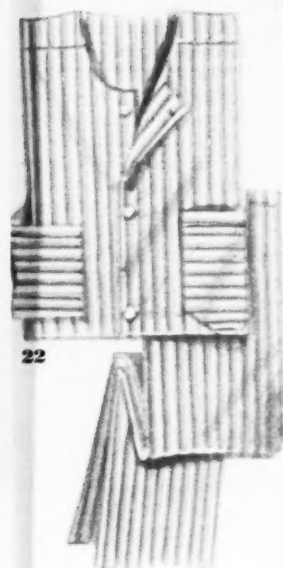
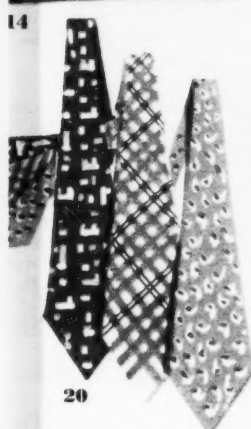
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Christmas



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Continued from page 44

"Why don't you sit back in the seat?" Elizabeth asked slyly. "Afraid to muss the costume?" The way she said "costume" was a slur.

"It's hard to sit in," Rebecca said absently, then her eyes flew open in alarm. She hadn't dared tell her mother.

Elizabeth laughed. "Wouldn't it be funny if it split?" she asked. "Then you'd have to wear your coat all night."

Rebecca's mouth stretched tragically in a smile. She could stand anything, she thought, except her mother's knowing she didn't have to have the costume. The party could only last one night.

The party was an entertainment for the young people's group at the small church to which Rebecca went, but instead of being held at the church, it was being held at Randy Lowell's house. Randy was president of the group, but except to say hello or good-by to him on Sunday afternoons, Rebecca hardly knew him. In her daydreams, though, she knew him well. In her daydreams she thought of all sorts of clever things to say to him, and in her daydreams he always looked at her in surprised admiration to see how clever and attractive she was, and in wonder that he had never noticed before.

Once at a social she had danced with him. Rebecca had gone with Elizabeth. Elizabeth had said, "We've got a right to. It's a church social, and we belong to the church." So they had gone.

There had been a broom dance to start the party. The young people had been paired off by drawing straws, and Rebecca had drawn the straw to dance with the broom. She had the right to exchange the broom for anyone else's partner that she wanted, and they in turn had to dance with the broom. Without thinking, because if she thought she would never have the nerve, Rebecca had tapped Randy Lowell's partner on the shoulder, handed her the broom, and danced off with Randy. But it hadn't lasted long, for Randy was the most popular boy in the group and the girls were unrestrained and unabashed in their scramble for him.

Randy wasn't a very tall boy, just slightly taller than Rebecca, but he was well built. He had dark brown shiny hair, and brown eyes with long lashes that all the girls sighed over. He was an earnest serious boy but he loved jokes, and he was a tease. He had wonderful easy manners. He was never embarrassed.

When the teacher who was their counselor suggested they plan something for Hallowe'en, Randy said, "Let's have a party at my house."

"Don't you think you'd better ask your mother first?" Miss Theason said.

"I'll ask her as soon as I get home," Randy said, "but I know it's all right. A Hallowe'en party is more fun in a house."

Rebecca wondered what it would be like to be able to invite people to a party without asking your mother. She had never even asked for a party because she was afraid of the kind of party she would give.

Nobody was invited specifically, so of course everybody was invited, but Rebecca hadn't planned to go until Elizabeth asked her to go with her. It had seemed too difficult to explain to her mother why the party wouldn't be at the church, who Randy Lowell was, and how

she would get there. It was easier to go home. Besides the socials at the church when she and Elizabeth sat watching the sidelines were a mixed bitterness and fascination.

"My father will take us," Elizabeth said. "We've got a right to go. It's church social even if it isn't in church. And it will be more fun at somebody's house. Church socials are stiff and stupid."

Maybe it would be more fun at somebody's house, Rebecca thought. Maybe she would have a good time. Maybe she would act like the others. Stiff and stupid, Elizabeth had said. Yes, she had been stiff and stupid. But she didn't have to be. She was a good dancer, and was prettier than some girls who were popular. She always daydreamed about the parties, she always planned to go, and she always had a good time, but when she arrived, she ended up stiff and stupid. Maybe this time it would be different. She grew excited. The party beckoned like one of her daydreams.

When she was home and it was time for her to ask her mother about the party, some of the excitement dimmed. But a stubbornness had taken hold of her. She would go to the party! She was so intent on her resolve that she was even surprised when her mother raised no objection.

"Elizabeth said her father would take us and bring us home," Rebecca said. "She said she could go if I can go."

"I suppose now I'll have to make a costume for you," her mother said.

And the magic had started. Rebecca, and for her mother, too, knew.

When Mr. Spencer stopped the car in front of Randy's house, Rebecca began to tremble. She felt she couldn't go. She was ready to beg Mr. Spencer to take her home again. Then she met Elizabeth's inquisitive eyes and the strengthened her pride.

"I'll be back for you about 10.30," Mr. Spencer said.

"Oh, father, come at 11," Elizabeth said.

"Eleven? What will you do all that time?" He was teasing, Rebecca knew, but her own mind echoed with horror. What will you do all that time?

Mr. Spencer waved to them and drove off, and the two girls walked up to the door together. Now that they were in their own house, Elizabeth didn't feel superior. She needed Rebecca's support, too. She linked her arm with Rebecca's and her hand felt cold even Rebecca's cold hand.

Mrs. Lowell opened the door where they rang the bell and Elizabeth said immediately, "Rebecca wore a costume. But it isn't a costume party, is it?"

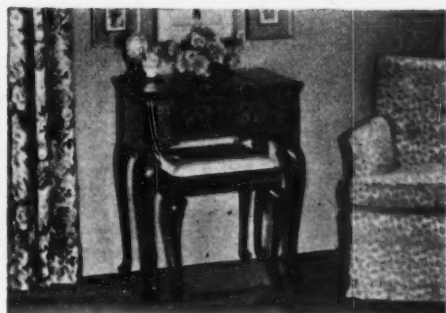
Mrs. Lowell was a pretty woman, young-looking for a mother, with Randy's brown eyes and long eyelashes. "How nice you look, Rebecca!" she said. "Maybe we should have made it a costume party. After all, it is Hallowe'en. She took the two girls by the arm and brought them into the living room. "Look, everybody," she said. "Rebecca came as a Pierrette. Isn't she cute?"

The living room was filled with boys and girls and none of them was in costume. They all turned and looked at Rebecca when Mrs. Lowell spoke. Nobody said anything, but their eyes weren't unfriendly. She was a costume

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and that's all there was to it. It didn't matter.

Mrs. Lowell had arranged a little refreshment for them, and they sat down immediately, on the theory that the food would break the stiffness between them. They had to find their place cards which were arranged boy and girl alternately. There were more girls than boys in the group, but two smaller boys had been included in the party, one Randy's brother, to round out the number. Rebecca and Elizabeth found their places between the small boys but it didn't make them unhappy, because it had nothing to do with them. Mrs. Lowell had arranged the table.

The food was attractive and delicious. Mrs. Lowell started some word games at which Rebecca was very good. No one mentioned her costume or seemed to be aware of it, and she could almost forget and enjoy herself. When it was time to leave the table, Rebecca was sorry. She wished they could keep on sitting there. She wished the whole party would be at the table.

"We're going to dance," Mrs. Lowell said, "and we've got a wonderful new way to choose partners. The girls will stay in the dining room, and the boys will go into the living room."

While they separated with a good deal of fuss, Mrs. Lowell and Randy hung a sheet in the arch between the rooms. Then Randy put out the light in the living room. Immediately all the boys began to yell and whistle.

"Now," said Mrs. Lowell, raising her voice, "with the light on in the dining room each girl will step in front of the sheet and the boys will choose their partners by picking a girl's silhouette." Again the boys began to yell and whistle and the girls to squeal.

"You needn't think you'll know whom you're getting," Mrs. Lowell said, "because the sheet doesn't let much through. Look, I'll show you." She flattened her skirts around her and stepped up sideways to the sheet.

"I'll take her," one of the boys shouted, and everybody laughed.

"You'll be sorry," Mrs. Lowell said, laughing too, and looking pink and pleased. "Now we'll start." She put one finger on her lips and with the other hand pushed one of the girls in front of the sheet. For a moment there was silence.

"Doesn't anyone want this beautiful young girl?" Mrs. Lowell asked in the voice of an auctioneer. The girl laughed and enjoyed it as much as anyone, and Rebecca wished longingly that she could be that way.

"You'd all rush for her if you could really see her," Mrs. Lowell said. Finally one boy said in a sheepish voice, "I'll take her."

The girl slid around the edge of the sheet and a shout went up as the boys saw who it was. Four girls had been

chosen when Mrs. Lowell took Rebecca's tall hat and ruff. "Keep your legs together," she whispered, "so I can't tell it isn't a skirt."

Rebecca felt so self-conscious she could hardly walk to the sheet.

"They'll see her pompons," Elizabeth said in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, and Rebecca blushed furiously. Mrs. Lowell put her hand over Elizabeth's mouth firmly and gently. Elizabeth's eyes looked at Rebecca.

Everyone would know now who it was, Rebecca thought miserably, nobody would choose her. But immediately Randy's voice said clearly, "I want her. She's a swell dancer."

Mrs. Lowell fastened the ruff around Rebecca's neck again and pushed her out into the living room. Rebecca couldn't see in the dark but Randy came and took her hand. The choice went on, but Rebecca wasn't conscious of it. Randy kept her hand in his, didn't mean anything. It was something he would do to any girl. That just it. Something he would do to any girl. Rebecca thought, I love him more than anything in the world.

When the partners were all chosen and the lights turned on, Randy started the phonograph, and he and Rebecca began to dance. Rebecca was trying hard. She was desperate to be a "swell" dancer he had picked, and wasn't going right at all. They were moving like two people, doing the same thing, but not like one. She even let go as if she didn't know where he was going.

"You trying to lead me?" Randy asked.

Rebecca raised startled humiliated eyes, but he was teasing.

"Relax," he said.

Rebecca nodded, but she could seem to. She bit her lip when she stumbled over his toe, and this time instead of teasing her he said, "I'm fault."

She was too proud to say it was his fault, not his, but it was. Maybe she was sorry he had chosen her.

"I was a Pierrot once," he said. "I play. Called 'Maker of Dreams.' Have you read it?"

She shook her head. "I'll get it, though, and read it." "You don't have to," he said. He was teasing her again. "I want to."

"It was kind of a silly play. But it was all right, too. Too bad I don't have the costume now. You're a better Pierrette than the girl who was in the play."

Pierrot and Pierrette, Rebecca thought, were lovers. Then she suddenly realized that they were dancing together without stumbling, without pulling in different directions. They were dancing together not like two

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people doing the same things, but like one person. She looked up at him quickly and saw he knew what she was thinking. She felt self-conscious and looked down. Randy did a quick unexpected step and she followed easily. She met his eyes again and this time she didn't look away. She wrinkled her nose at him and laughed. And then it was like her daydreams. He looked at her in surprised admiration and in a kind of wonder that he had never noticed before how attractive she was.

When the music ended, Mrs. Lowell said they were to change partners with the couple closest to them. "Nuts," Randy said, but when that dance was over he was back, demanding, "Where's my girl?"

The rest of the evening was magic, a magic that he made for her. She could see that she was making some magic for him, too. They laughed all the time. They said foolish things that made sense only to themselves and sometimes not even to themselves. Underneath they were reaching out to each other, boy to girl, Pierrot to Pierrette.

"Want to know something?" Rebecca asked.

"I do know something. You're a pretty girl."

"I mean something important."

"That's important."

"All right, I won't tell you."

"Tell me!"

"This is really my party."

"You want it? You can have it."

"No, it is my party!"

"How come?"

"It's my birthday."

"No!"

"It is."

"Honest?"

She pouted. "Well, actually it was yesterday. But I was born at night so when I'm at a Hallowe'en party, I like to say it's my birthday." She didn't know what had come over her. She had never been to a real Hallowe'en party before and she always said her birthday was October 30. "I came in on a broomstick," she went on.

"You came in on a moonbeam," he said. "Of course that's why you have a costume and nobody else does. Because it's your birthday."

"Of course."

"Happy birthday to you."

"Thank you."

He put his hand up to the big ruff at her neck. "It's a swell costume."

"My mother made it."

"No kidding? She sure is good."

"Yes," Rebecca said.

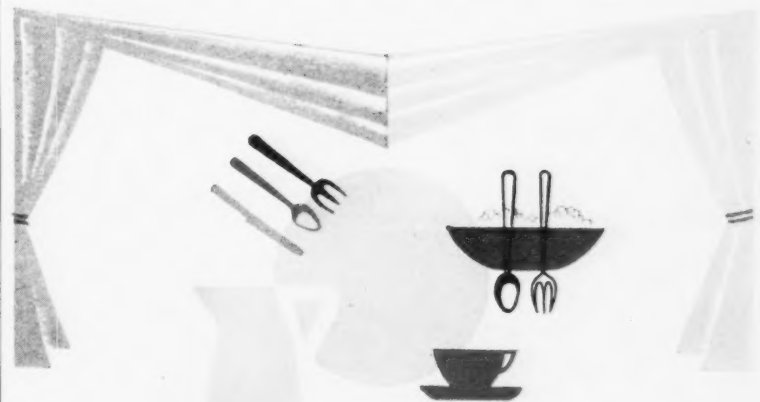
"You know," Randy said suddenly, "in that play I was telling you about, Pierrot goes away and leaves Pierrette, and she thinks he's gone for good. But he isn't, he comes back. He has to come back."

"You going away somewhere?" Rebecca asked impishly.

Randy blushed, but his eyes were very serious. "Not unless you tell me to."

Rebecca saw that their roles were reversed. Now she was sure of herself and could be kind to him. She didn't recognize the emotions that flooded over her. "I don't want you to go away," she whispered.

"Rebecca! Rebecca!" It was Elizabeth's voice calling her. And then Rebecca saw that Mr. Spencer was standing at the front door talking to Mrs. Lowell, and they were waiting for her.



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That means it has been checked to see that Styron (Dow's famous polystyrene plastic) is the right material for that particular article.

It means your plastics product has been evaluated for functional design and quality of workmanship by men with years of experience in the plastics industry.

As a result of these exacting requirements—which must be met before any plastics item can bear this label—you're buying plastics housewares that are more than gay and colorful... you're buying housewares that are durable and functional!

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Remember the Evaluated Label!

Look for it on Housewares!

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL REGINA



**INTRODUCING
PRESTO[®]
automatic
VAPOR-STEAM IRON**

**for faster, easier, better
IRONING**



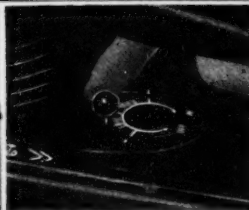
**STEAM
OR
DRY**

**THE MOST AMAZING IRON
EVER INVENTED**

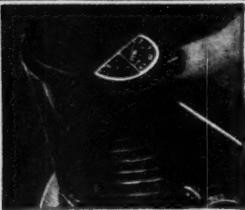
**NATIONAL
Presto[®]
automatic
Vapor-Steam Iron**



LIGHT WEIGHT. . . Only 3½ pounds. . . Perfectly balanced for easier ironing. . . Specially molded 7½-foot cord. Right and left hand thumb rests.



FINGER-TIP TEMPERATURE SELECTOR. . . Easy to set, easy to see. . . Highly accurate. . . Maintains an even heat for any ironing need. Protects delicate fabrics.



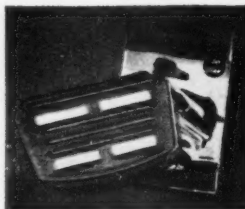
SOLEPLATE HEAT INDICATOR. . . Visible indicator accurately marked for various fabrics. Stops guesswork and helps prevent scorching.

Made by the pioneers of steam controlled home appliances, the new PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON is acclaimed by home-makers "The Most Amazing Iron Ever Invented!" . . . Now, you can iron with ease, press when you please . . . steam or dry . . . faster, easier, better.

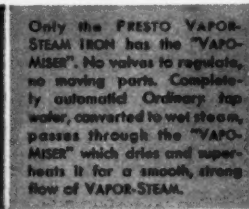
The PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON is completely automatic . . . no valves to regulate, no extra gadgets needed . . . Irons most fabrics without sprinkling, presses without damp cloths. It pays for itself over and over again in savings on pressing bills alone . . . The wrinkle-proof, round heel backs into tucks and pleats smoothly for easier, speedier ironing . . . 30 square inches of soleplate cuts ironing time.

Try the new PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON yourself . . . PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRONS are available wherever quality home appliances are sold. See these amazing irons at your dealer's, today.

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, (Canada) Limited
Wellesburg, Ontario



GIVEN . . . with every PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON, at no extra cost: (1) Scorch-proof ironing stand, and (2) Valuable illustrated instruction book.



THE EXCLUSIVE PRESTO "VAPO-MISER" . . . Completely automatic, it makes everything safe to iron, safe to VAPOR-STEAM IRON. . . no drops, no spots!



CROSS-SECTION VIEW OF THE EXCLUSIVE PRESTO IRON "VAPO-MISER."

"Elizabeth's father brought me," she said to Randy. "I guess I have to go."

"I'll take you home," Randy said, "if you can stay longer. It's early."

"I think I'd better go with them," Rebecca said, though she wanted desperately to stay. "They brought me."

"If I take you to the next party, you'll have to let me take you home," Randy said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered. She put on her coat and for the first time its drabness, its practicalness didn't humiliate her. Awkwardly Randy closed it across her chest as if she were a little girl he was taking care of, as if he had somehow to touch her.

"Good-night, Pierrette," he said.

"Good-night, Pierrot."

"You girls have a good time?" Mr. Spencer asked. "Wonderful," Rebecca said, her voice soaring. She chattered all the way home describing the games, the wonderful fun they had had. Elizabeth sat in angry silence, as if she blamed Rebecca for something.

"What's the matter with you, Elizabeth?" Mr. Spencer asked, twisting his head around to see her in the back seat.

"When I take someone to a party, I expect them to act like they came with me," Elizabeth said sharply.

"That's no way to talk," Mr. Spencer said.

Rebecca wanted to be sorry, but all she could think of was that Elizabeth didn't have to take her to the next party. When she got out of the car she said politely, "Thank you very much for the ride, Mr. Spencer, for taking me. I'm sorry, Elizabeth, if you're mad."

The front door would be locked, Rebecca knew, and she went around the house to the back. The side of the house was dark and usually she hated walking past the bushes, but this night she didn't mind at all. She let herself in at the back door, locking it behind her. Then she tiptoed upstairs, though she knew her mother would be awake.

"That you, Becky?"

"Yes, mother." She stood in the doorway of her mother's room where she could be seen, but she couldn't see her mother.

"Well, how was the costume?"

She had forgotten about the problem of the costume entirely. She hadn't prepared her story. "Everybody thought it was wonderful, mother. Everybody

thought you must be awfully good make it."

"Didn't the other mothers make costumes?" Rebecca knew she was pleased.

Without a moment's hesitation, Rebecca answered. "I don't know, but there wasn't one that was as nice as mine."

"Is that right? What did Elizabeth wear?"

"Elizabeth didn't even have a costume. She wore her brown velvet dress. I guess her mother can't sew."

"Maybe her mother's too busy," Mr. Blanchard said, but her voice was complacent.

Rebecca turned to go to her own room. "Randy Lowell chose me for his partner," she said.

"That's the boy who had the party?"

"Yes. All the girls try to get him."

"Was it a nice house?"

"Very nice."

"And this Randy chose you, did he?"

"He didn't want me to dance with anybody else. He said I was a sw dancer."

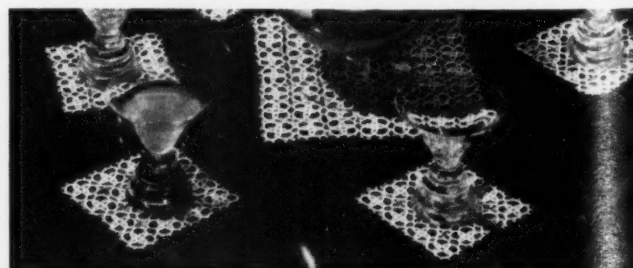
"Good for you, Becky."

Rebecca couldn't even see her mother in the dark room, but somehow she could see her better than she ever had before. This was better, even, than when a dress turned out right. This was magic.

"Good-night, mother."

"Good-night, Becky. Now I guess I'll have to make you a silk dress for the next party."

Rebecca stood in front of the cracked mirror of her dressing table and was reluctant to take off the costume, reluctant to let Pierrette go. But as she undressed, removing first the hat, then the ruff, then the costume, she saw the biggest magic of the whole night. The change was not in the costume. The change was in herself. Even in her little girl shirt and cotton panties she was different. Not fully understanding, but knowing it was terribly important, Rebecca hung on to this feeling that was washing over her. It hurt but it was wonderful. I'm growing up, she thought. They were the only words she knew to put to it. And her mind flew not to Randy, there would be lots of time for Randy, but to her mother. She wondered if her mother knew, too. Well, of course she did.



Tatting Makes a Comeback

It's an old-fashioned art with a new-fashioned look. You'll find endless uses for this delicate design—in placemats, as shown, or as an edging for handkerchiefs and guest towels.

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. No. S246. Price, 5 cents.

HEEL HUGGERS

by MURRAY

HEEL HUGGERS are the shoes to
keep your feet smart company with your suits
all Fall and Winter. And because they
are HEEL HUGGERS, they give you extra
comfort... make almost endless
walking a real pleasure!



Creamy

W6791



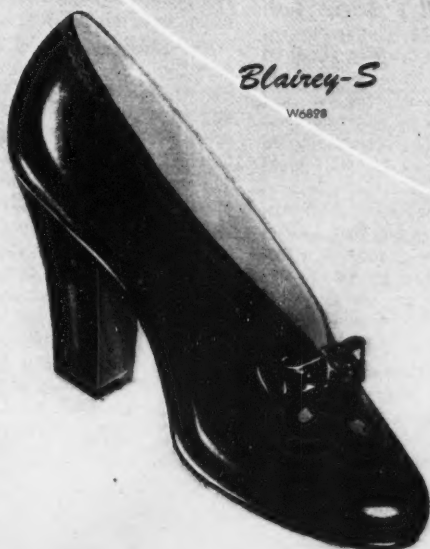
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W6610



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Sold at Better Stores from Coast to Coast

MURRAY-SELBY SHOES LTD.

LONDON, CANADA

CINDERELLA 1950

Continued from page 17



Here's a deep, deep beauty secret!

Whoever said "Beauty is skin deep," probably had Woodbury Cold Cream in mind.

For the secret of a truly beautiful skin is deep, deep cleansing.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper because it contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 19¢, 37¢, 65¢, 95¢.



Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN

(MADE IN CANADA)

"Shall we start to work?" she asked dimly.

They worked but without heart. Hers was crushed and Ossie hated work more than usual. He was bitter and when he was that way he was apt to take it out on the nearest person who would let him and this was Daisy.

This morning his thoughts roamed far afield of the little account they engaged. Ossie was ambitious and so saturated with desire for success that the very atmosphere reeked with his frustration. It was not enough to be God's gift to women; he wanted to be an advertising tycoon and something always stood in his way. He had read a book about a young man who became a tycoon and it didn't seem difficult the way the author told it. All the tycoon had to do was ride back and forth to Hollywood and fight off women, and Ossie had experience in that. This girl Springer, for instance: she looked at him with the eyes of a dying rabbit but habit is a strange thing. He spoke to her in the usual way.

"I think we've had enough of this, Beautiful. See if you can get the stuff out before lunch."

She brightened at once. Every time he called her "Beautiful" she looked as if she had found a handful of gold doubloons. Women, women, Ossie thought wearily. How much better the world would be with one tenth of the female population. And then his mind drifted to the burning question of how and where he would find someone to pick up the check tonight.

By lunch time Daisy had finished her notes, only to find Ossie's door locked when she went to deliver them. This was no surprise. Ossie left early and returned late—when he returned; but today it added to her depression. Dancing. He was going dancing with Mary Rossiter. Mary was a beautiful model who did bit parts on the stage and wanted to get into the movies. Tonight he would belong to Mary. Well, let him be happy! All she could do was humbly help him in her way and if he never knew it—what? She had to stop thinking and get Ossie out of her hair or she might lose her own job.

She put on her hat and coat and started dreading in search of the malted for her own lunch. Should it be chocolate or a peanut butter sandwich? For a moment she paused to wipe something from her eye, a mote or a tear and found herself looking into a window full of shoes. There is no remedy equal to buying something when the ship is sinking, and Daisy, lingering, was lost. She had \$20 free from taxes, and a reckless spirit born of pure heartbreak decided her to squander the works. The small elegant shop was terrifically expensive, but she did not know that. A pair of brown calfskin pumps she had seen in the window would be exactly right for the suit she had worn for two years. Perhaps when Ossie saw her tripping across the room . . .

The clerk, a small pale man perpetually stooped over a foot measure, deflated her hopes after a glance. "I'm afraid—" he murmured. He was right. The alligator pump looked like a boat

with one mast when she put it on. The smartness was all gone. Her heel in and out when she tried to walk and sole slithered around. It wouldn't, but she had known that from the start. It was old stuff. "I'm sorry," faltered. She meant that she was sorry for bothering him. "I wish—"

The little clerk saw nothing but when other men saw faces, but this he looked up. After all, fitting shoes be an art like making hats. He her mouth tremble. She was looking the pump and drew her foot away from it as if it burned.

"But you have a beautiful foot," clerk mumbled. A foot like hers was made for calfskin; suede or velvet her type. Sandals. One foot in a sand had the right to wear sandals, said, and shook his narrow head. foot was a rose, not a cabbage, thought of saying and didn't. She was plain girl in a shoddy coat and druggist nylons. How did such things happen? He left her and returned bringing a small white box that rustled tissue.

The gold sandal didn't feel like a leaf at all. It was like satin ribbon or flower petals or cold cream. The sole was a leaf that curled into her instep and narrow straps, that crossed her ankles were of thin gold kid that slipped through fingers like satin.

"This is for dancing, of course," little clerk murmured. Dancing? when would Daisy Springer dance? where? She gazed at the strange on the pedestal and instantly a wide panorama of impossibilities spread before her. She was lost in that never land where fools retreat to castles are built of cobweb. Suppose Ossie asked her to dance sometime. Suppose he saw her light as air floating on feet that didn't belong to her? She posed—

"Twenty-seven dollars," the clerk said, becoming realistic, "but mark down to \$16.50 because of the size."

She walked out of the shop with head in the clouds and the shoes under her arm.

She forgot lunch. All the way back to the office she felt very queer with head jouncing around like two heads, one looking the other in the face and sneering; "You blankety-blank little fool! Who cares about your feet?" Nelly's twenty was gone and she had an emergency fund. What if she lost her job? What if her rent was raised? On the other side of her head worked the warning and she had to have to get rid of the box before the girls in the office got a glimpse of it. She could hear them giggling at the monstrous foolishness of Daisy Springer.

The restroom was vacant and she unfolded the tissue and let the delicate slender things lie in her hand. They had no weight; their gossamer beauty was more than she remembered. She touched them to see if they were real. The magic came back and she was lost in the rising tide of delight and wonder that this beauty was hers.

The door opened and there was a time to scramble a parcel into a closet. A lump before two of the girls, back from lunch, came in. "What have you got there, Springer?" Miss Pearson asked idly as she made for the mirror, but without a suspicious glance. "Be shopping?"

"A—a—nightgown. Mother does like me to wear pyjamas."

Darling, you can't have the right angle without a curve!



A'Lure Bra No. 1080, White, about \$4.50

1.....Your choice of cup size

If the cup size of your bra is too small, you're bound to be uncomfortable. Too large, you'll find you're putting up a wrinkled front. Warner's bras are cup-sized to fit you perfectly. Bra above is hug'round elastic, cup-topped with sheer nylon marquisette.



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3.....Plus your choice of uplift

Among Warner's hundreds of dazzling styles you can choose the bra that gives you a little or a lot.

This year's "upper story" has a new angle, angel. It's curved . . . rounded . . . youthful. So if you want to be in tune, B natural in your Warner's bra.

These all-around-elastic A'Lure bras are designed to keep you breathe-easily comfy in your "now look", too. Of course, they're 3-Way-Sized, like all Warner's bras, to let you choose your own cup-size, band and uplift.

Other Warner's bra prices . . . from the very, very modest to the wee bit reckless. At finer stores,



A'Lure Bra No. 1050, White, about \$5.00

2.....Plus your choice of band

When you're on Warner's bandwagon you can choose bras with no bands, deep bands as in the bra above. This best-selling A'Lure bra is all-around satin elastic with dainty nylon marquisette top.

WARNER'S
3-Way-Sized

Foundations and Bras

WORLD FAMOUS LE GANT • STA-UP-TOP®
A'LURE® • "FREE-LIFT" • REDFERN®

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PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO. LTD.
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Her apron strings are "family ties"



The ties that hold a family together in loyalty and affection start at a woman's "apron strings".

Yet making her home a pleasant place to live is just one of many contributions made by the Canadian woman.

For she is also a dietitian who plans good meals to keep her family fit for work or play . . . a companion who shares in her family's pleasures and problems . . . a nurse ever on call to care for her children's hurts . . . a teacher who trains her children in good citizenship.



In these and many other ways she is a one-woman business contributing vitally to the welfare of her family and the stability of Canada.



Weston's is proud that so many Canadian women valued Weston customers . . . and that of its 5,000 shareholders about 48% are women.

And Weston's realizes that, to hold the confidence it has enjoyed for over 65 years, it must constantly maintain the highest quality in its products and so satisfy the exacting standards of the Canadian woman.

"Always buy the best—buy Weston's"



GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

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an masculine way though his hairline was beginning to retreat, leaving his eyes cold steely grey. The stenographers did not fall in love with him, but they made no errors in his work and he regarded them all as a uniform "Miss mith." If he had a tinge of romance in his outside life nobody knew it, for no harming voices called and asked him to take them to lunch. He ate a ham on rye every day which was no temptation.

The shiny desk held a letter basket empty, a paperweight (utilitarian) and in the centre a black velvet square such as jewelers use to display diamonds, and in the centre of this stood the small gold sandal looking almost as lonely as when it had leaned against the fireplug. Both men regarded it while Ossie poured out a stream of passionate sales talk that met no response but was absorbed in the regions of the Doane mind. Ossie was a tired boy after cooking up his basic facts—you didn't offer Rodney Doane anything in the raw state—but he was still going strong when a bell rang in his subconscious and he knew that he had won.

His boss put long capable fingers together and ticked off the facts that he owed.

"The situation seems to be this. The sandal is made by Birker and White and has failed because of the high price and its unadaptability to the ordinary foot. The product has not sold and you think that you can sell it by an appeal to the—the—" Even Rodney Doane couldn't think of just the right word. Ossie supplied it brilliantly.

"Sentiment? Romance? Either or both. Women are tired of being stable and practical. Appeal to their vanity and they go haywire. They're ready to revolt against this deadening budget talk and the more it costs the better. It's right there under the surface of every woman and all it needs is the proper outlet. Take this sandal . . . Tell 'em they can't wear it and they break their toes getting 'em under the ribbons. Tell 'em they've been playing Cinderella long enough—"

"Ah," Rodney Doane half smiled, but he seemed a little gentler. "The Cinderella motif . . . I saw it coming." He paused. "And the setup?"

That had been revealed long ago but Ossie could bear to recount.

"A foot is to be found that can wear this particular shoe. Not with crowding. No bunions or broken toes. A fit as if it had been made to order. We will have the sandal on view and reserve half a dozen for the fitting—identical by sworn measurements. It will be a challenge they can't resist. A woman with a foot like a post and a couple of broken arches will try it if she has to cut off an inch all around. And end by ordering a couple of pairs of customs and swearing to her friends that she could wear the original. The main bait is the picture. Imagine, just imagine," said Ossie, falling into his favorite dream, "pictures in magazines, on billboards of an exquisite ankle and calf, melting down to a foot in this sandal—" He paused for breath and Mr. Doane was unimpressed but logical.

"Not a new idea. I have seen such a picture," he commented dryly. He was contemplative; the faintest smile flicked across his firm lips.

"True. But this is different. There's the contest behind it. Oh, I know that giveaway contests have worn out. Everyone has a washing machine or a

radio, but this is a new field. Women's vanity. What wouldn't a woman do to point to such a picture and claim it as her own? I'll find the girl who can wear it and produce her at the right time." That was his last shot. It went home or it didn't. It went. Ossie was going with it, when the voice of authority recalled him.

"Is your secretary close-mouthed? Nothing must get out about this until we're ready to shoot. Send her in and we'll start the preliminaries—get that much over."

Rodney Doane was a man who noticed things that other people never saw. The pale girl with freckles who appeared seemingly through a crack in the door had her eyes fixed on the sandal on the desk. Even her lips went white and her knees buckled under and she sagged into a chair like a deflated sawdust doll. Her hands trembled. She dropped her pencil in a plain case of jitters from which she emerged when she realized that the two men were watching her with disapproval. Then she tried to smile, but it was a weak effort. She lifted her eyes and they met the full impact of Rodney Doane's peculiar interest in anything that puzzled him.

He was thinking, "Scared rabbit. What's the matter with the girl? Doesn't she get enough to eat?" and his glance traveled from her delicate, futile hands and wrists to her ankles, equally fragile over atrocities in outsize shoes with thick soles and stubby heels. For a moment this inconsistency diverted his mind from Ossie's brilliant idea. He had never heard of a woman deliberately disfiguring her foot. Through pure habit he tucked her name away in his memory. Somehow the girl's face got tucked away with it. She had blue-grey eyes, a little dark from fear, with long lashes around them, and the rest of her features were so irregular that part of the puzzle was putting them together.

The Cinderella contest took hold like grass fire. Contests were old stuff and dying out from surfeit, but there was still some gambling blood in the women. Ossie had been right when he said that vanity was a stranger bait than washing machines, and the gold sandal budded, blossomed and burgeoned in the arid field of contests. It held its own among names of songs, voices from nowhere and men with false beards. It made a noise on the radio, and foot measurements came in from the outlands and it was a dilly on television where women of every sort and size minced or blundered before the camera. It was not a big-time contest; no fortune was involved, merely a two-year supply of expensive footgear custom made. It was personal. Women would have given their eyes and teeth to qualify for the small shoe that stood on its pedestal in lovely isolation in a window of one of the better shops. There were duplications for the actual trying on, but these only lasted a day or two before the onslaught of applicants, blindly trustful of fallen arches and hidden bunions who forced their toes between the ribbons and spilled over the narrow sole.

Ossie Heyden was on wings. He was a success. He had put himself over and no one was allowed to forget it. He spread-eagled all over the place and began to think of over fields to conquer. A tycoon never stopped at one victory. A tycoon always had a new one coming.



Aluminum

adds a
plus
to
pancakes!

An "Inside Story" about Maple Syrup

1. Aluminum means a lot to your breakfast! Your griddle-cakes taste better with good maple syrup. And the best syrup is made from sap that is collected in aluminum pails.



2. Maple sap must be well-protected to preserve its delicate flavour. Farmers using aluminum pails find this "food-friendly" metal preserves colour, taste and flavour perfectly.*



3. Aluminum is used for tapping-pegs, containers and evaporators, too. The increasing use of aluminum in the industry means higher-quality syrup for you.

HINTS TO THE HOUSEWIFE

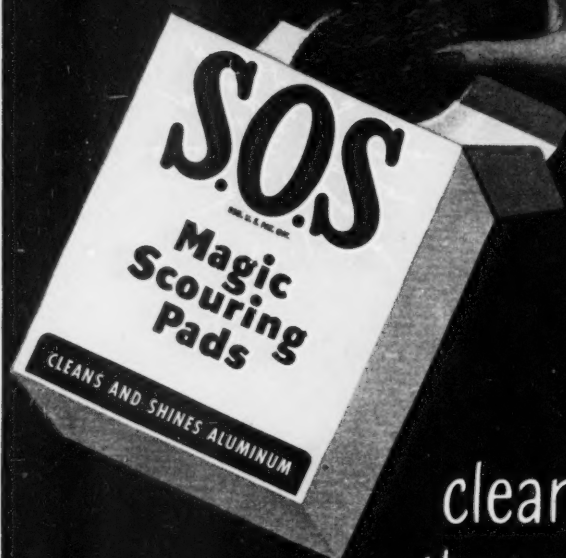
Natural minerals in food and water occasionally discolour aluminum utensils. Natural acids in foods remove the deposits. For example, the iron in spinach leaves a deposit on aluminum; the acid from tomatoes or rhubarb dissolves the deposit.

*Quebec farmers receive Federal and Provincial aid in replacing old-fashioned sap pails with aluminum pails. Modern aluminum containers fully conform to all pure-food laws.

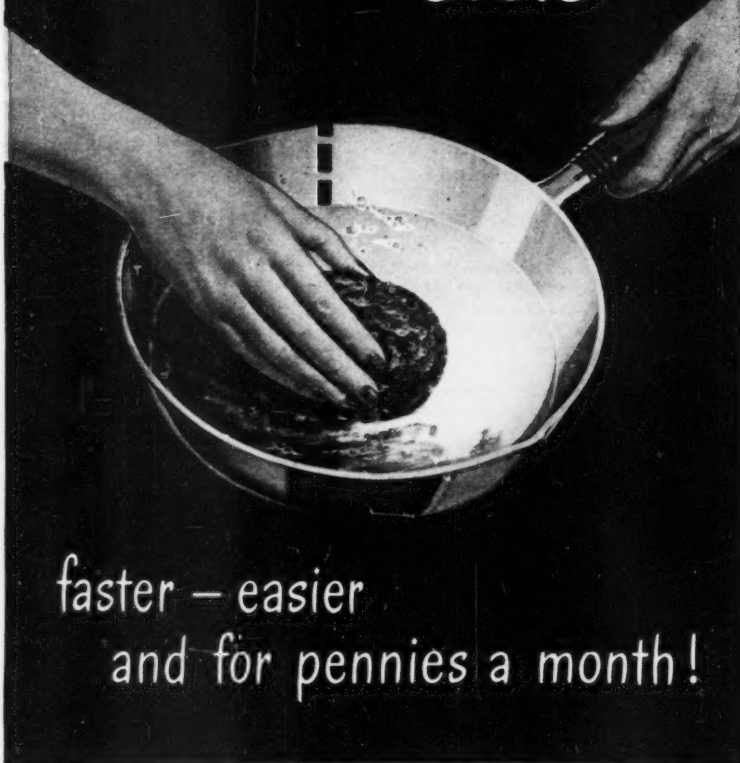
**ALUMINUM COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.**

Aluminum is friendly to food!

Every time you cook—



clean
that pot
or pan
with
S.O.S



faster — easier
and for pennies a month!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Daisy Springer was happy, too, in the way of reflected glory. The hours she spent in Ossie's office, doing his work and thinking up new angles which he blandly claimed as his own, were gilded with the joy of self-immolation. One night when they had worked late they had a corned beef sandwich and a coke together and she choked it down without tasting it.

Surely this was the beginning of something. The unacknowledged hope in her heart flickered into a small flame and was in her eyes, but Ossie, intent on his sandwich, noticed nothing. Habit kept his thoughts centred upon himself.

When his sandwich was half gone Ossie unburdened himself with the winning frankness and languishing look that cost him so little effort.

"You've been a big help to me, Beautiful," he said, "I don't know how I can get along without you. Please don't desert and leave me to fumble along by myself."

This was so impudent, so absurd, that she managed a smile though her heart leaped like a rubber ball at the mixed tenses that could mean so much and so little. But his next words sent her spirits reeling to zero.

"You're so good that I feel safe in leaving the job in your hands while I open a new campaign." He touched her hand across the table—such a small hand that it seemed to melt in his palm.

"You mean—"

"Think nothing of it, sweet. I'll be there at the finish and surprise! The finish is right around the corner. It's all set. We're close to the deadline, but the iron's hot and we'll spring it."

"You've found her? The girl who can wear—"

"Well . . . not exactly." Ossie grimaced, and it made him even better-looking, more satyrish. "You see, honey, it's like this. There's a girl—a lovely girl, and she can help the build-up. She's a natural, only—"

"She can't wear it," Daisy whispered because her voice was gone. She felt a sort of shock. He couldn't mean what he seemed to mean.

But he did. He nodded.

"For a fact, she can't. She can wear a size or two larger and the rest is a dream. Such ankles. It's only a matter of switching the exhibit and the publicity will go double-barreled. She's a celebrity."

The shock must have been too much or she wouldn't have said it.

"But that's cheating. She's not the right girl at all."

It was funny why she thought suddenly of Rodney Doane and his clear cold grey eyes that looked holes through anything phony. He was right there before her, shaking his head, saying no! Ossie looked displeased, offended, but even that didn't matter.

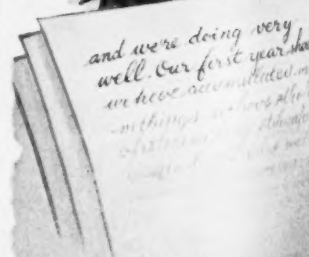
"That will all be arranged," he said crisply, in a way that dismissed her, and nodded for the check. "I don't know why I should have mentioned this to you," putting on the final crush.

Outside she said humbly, "I shouldn't have said that. It was very rude of me. Please forgive me."

She didn't know how easy it is to forgive when you don't care. He gave her arm a tender little squeeze.

"Of course I forgive you, Beautiful. You can't be expected to know these things. A real business woman would

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understand that a contest is only good while it's hot and then it goes out like a light—falls flat on its face. The public would rather be tricked than bored." That last remark was very clever. He made a mental note of it.

"But—but the shoe might belong to someone."

"Not a chance. It's a sample that was thrown away. I'm sick of looking at women's feet. I can size them up a block away. If they're small they look like club-footed sparrows with knobby knees and razor ankles. Let's forget it. Who cares about deformed women and any woman who could wear that sandal would be deformed. It's got so I hate the thing. Tomorrow I'll talk to Doane about Mary Rossiter and he'll fall in line."

So it was Mary Rossiter. She stood there hesitating, her lips half open. She could speak and it would all be right, the way it had to be. If she told him that the sandal belonged to her and how she had lost it—

Ossie was in thought. No, there was nothing on for tonight. Besides, he had hurt this girl who was cloyingly devoted to him and Ossie liked his woman to stay in love. It built up his ego and he needed every ounce of it.

"Want to dance?" he invited. "There's a place in the next street. Just a whirl or two."

She believed that she would fall dead if he took her in his arms, but she said faintly, "Yes." Perhaps she could tell him then, or perhaps he would know without telling. It ought to be easy to whisper, "I'm the one you are looking for."

But she didn't. They danced and her stubby walking shoes went clackety clack on the polished floor and the manager frowned and someone laughed shrilly as she passed. Afterward Ossie put her in a cab and sent her home alone. He didn't once call her "Beautiful."

After a sleepless night in which she reached the lowest ebb, Daisy prepared to eat humble pie in any quantity that would erase her ghastly error. Ossie was right, of course, she told herself. This was business and must be served by fair means or foul. Who was she to cavil at a little matter of substitution when she had done some cheating herself? For what else was it when she had listened to these plans which involved an expensive and fantastic campaign when all she had to do was claim the sandal as her own and produce the mate to prove it?

But she had said nothing and now the situation in the light of day was full of horrid alternatives, any one of which could easily call for the head of Ossie Heyden and would certainly estrange him forever. Who would believe that it wasn't a hatched-up plan between Ossie and herself? It was too neat, too smug. The brunt of the blame would fall on Ossie and he would never forgive her. And if she claimed the sandal at this late day he wouldn't forgive her, either.

It was a strange fact that in this stalemate Rodney Doane's face should replace Ossie's and she knew just how he would look if he heard the real story. The bleak grey of his grey eyes froze any impulse to confess and she shivered. The truth would place the blame upon her shoulders where it belonged, but who would believe the truth? Who ever did?

The day began in a sort of nightmare.

Ossie ignored her and used another secretary and within an hour the contest began to break up in bits like flying hailstones. The sandal was a failure. The agency was up against a stone wall. Mr. Doane had crushingly vetoed any substitution and Mary Rossiter was threatening to sue. Ossie had been told to find the right foot or else—

"Surely—surely—something will tell him. Some instinct—" Daisy Springer mentally wrung her hands in the last throes of romance while her mind told her that she was a fool for doing it. But if he turned to her now; if he gave her a smidgeon of hope that she could be a prop and that he needed her, she could find the right words to tell him.

But he didn't. Report had it that he was sitting in his office with his head in his hands and his beautiful hair falling through his fingers. He had called Miss Rossiter and had been told things too awful to repeat; He had been given 24 hours to find a girl who could wear the sandal and report to a photographer. It looked like the end of Ossie's tycoonship.

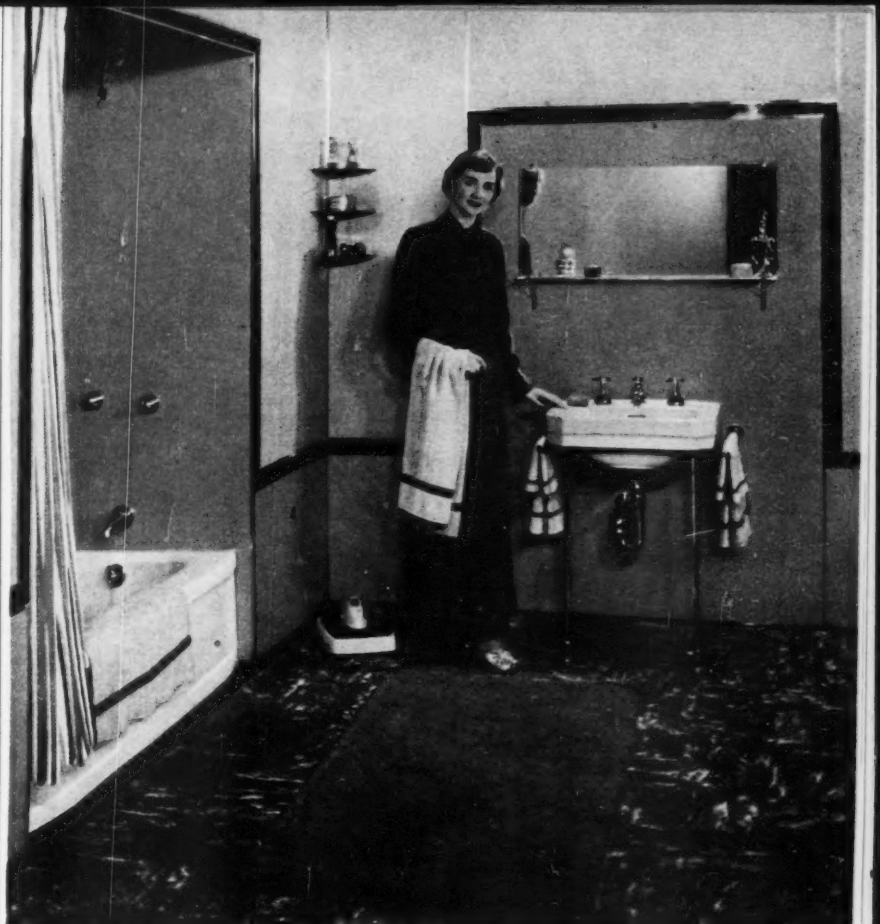
It was up to Ossie Heyden and Ossie's resistance had reached the saturation point. It was the same with the office force. Demoralization set in and other work was abandoned. Everyone wanted to help and little conferences broke out like a rash. Miss Stebbins, a large bright girl who meant to write detective stories when she could find the time, came forward with a neat memoranda of facts as they looked to her. Copies were being made on six typewriters.

1. The girl is small and has expensive tastes. Probably rich or has a good job. Spends her money on clothes. Vain of her feet or used to the best. Who wouldn't?
2. Was going somewhere with somebody on dress up date. Might have thrown sandal away in rage or disappointment. Something secret about the date . . . rich girls don't carry loose dancing shoes and drop them.
3. Probably dark girl. Blondes wear silver.
4. Could be shoplifter afraid of detectives. No reports of small thefts from shoestores. Shop inventory in January. Cannot wait for that.
5. Girl knows about contest. Thinks it a trap and is hiding out. Must be vital reason why she doesn't pick up shoe or use Lost and Found. Nobody loses 25 bucks without making a fuss.
6. Looks like shoplifter. Points that way.

When the crime analysis was laid before Ossie he read it, hoped briefly and bought Miss Stebbins a gardenia before he decided to throw the leaflet in the wastebasket. He didn't believe that there were any rich girls left. "Nuts," he commented, and looked blankly at Daisy Springer who had unobtrusively taken her usual place. He forgot that he was angry with her. "What are we going to do, Beautiful?"

Her heart turned over as it always did when he called her that. But it turned in sick waiting for the words that wouldn't come. If he would only say: "Suppose you try the sandal? I've noticed how small your feet—"

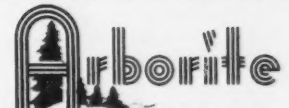
Vain dream. Instead she would face his anger and confusion; even the Rossiter idea was better than finding the girl in his secretary's boots. No, it had



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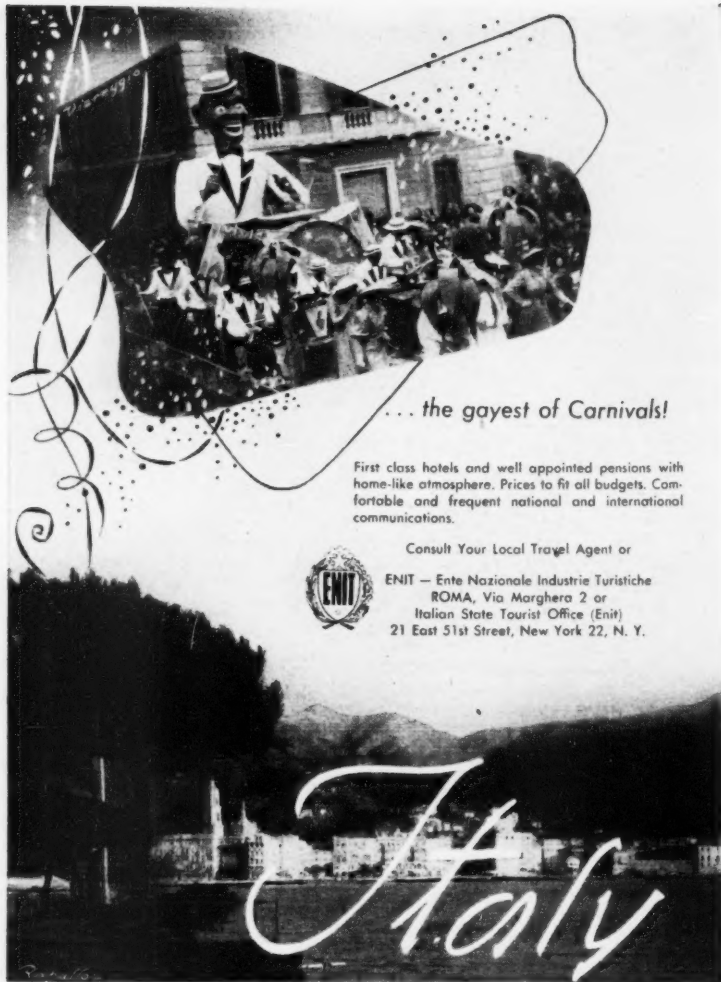
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to be done another way. She looked down at her stubby toes and said dully, "Something is sure to happen."

Something happened and something was Rodney Doane, not noisy but dangerously quiet with steel-grey eyes and a copy of the Stebbins memo on the desk before him and Ossie impaled on the opposite chair.

"What is this thing? Shoplifters and rich girls who must be small and dark. Is this a business office or a treasure hunt?" It went on and on. Ossie's head was full of spinning shoes, hitting each other in a mad rat race. Alligator, lizard, wedgies, pumps and the boss' voice driving them faster and faster. Ossie's newly combed hair lost its contour just as he would lose his job if this kept on.

"I—can't find her," he mumbled miserably. "There isn't a girl—"

"There is a girl. I'll produce her in five minutes." He buzzed. "Have you looked around you? Have you ever looked at Miss Springer's foot?"

"Springer!" Ossie howled, grabbing his hair again. "You don't mean that mouse-colored moronic dame who can't cross a room without falling down? That girl with a typewriter ribbon for a brain? That—"

"You can go."

Ossie almost bumped into Daisy Springer standing right behind him. Their eyes didn't meet. She had a small package in her hand. All of her timidity was gone and she looked straight into

Rodney Doane's face. The gold belongs to me. This is the mate to she said and laid the parcel on his

"Sit down," he told her. "I already know." He unwrapped the tissue bent down to unlace her sensible and the sandal slipped on like a and ribbons curled themselves around her ankle. Now she was a girl with different feet and by an odd impulse unlaced the other oxford and, enough, the right foot was just like left one. He held it in his hand because there was no shoe for it and suddenly a strange rush of blood to his head.

Daisy Springer was crying. Tears down her cheeks and somehow made her look younger and prettier than she ever looked.

"I want to tell you about it," she said to say without much success, "but I don't know how to begin. It's all my fault. He didn't know. My feet always looked so ugly. I had to buy big shoes because they were cheap."

"They're twenty-five dollar shoes," Rodney Doane said, "hand made."

And then it wasn't necessary to say anything more because there was something in his eyes that any woman could read, no matter how dumb she is. Daisy felt light and airy as if she could fly and with terrible daring she thought "Why not?" She alone heard the crash of something falling and smashing on atoms but it was only the image of Ossie Heyden and could never be together again. +

NEW BABY

Continued from page 14

All this makes it nicer to have babies. The announcement of a pregnancy—which used to be received like the announcement of a broken leg—now calls forth whoops of enthusiasm accompanied by offers of cribs, bassinets, clothing and places for your other kids to stay during the crisis. Makes you feel 10 years younger and right back in the swim again. Having a child is the "thing to do," and it's nice to be doing the "thing to do."

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This attitude carried over to the kids, too. We told them early so they'd be in on the whole deal and we billed it as something supercolossal. Since it was getting on to Christmas, Aileen told them that this year we had a surprise present for them—something really extra special. Then we sprang the news Christmas morning, right after they'd opened their other presents and were standing in front of the tree knee-deep in wrappings. We'll never forget their reaction.

Beryl responded in what may or may not be a typical teen-age whine. "Mummie!" she screamed. "A flower girl for my wedding!"

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Even after we explained that it would mean extra work for everybody they were still all for it. We're not going to try to say that everybody pitched right in and worked uncomplainingly like eager little beavers. Nothing Pollyanna-ish as that. But it is a fact that Beryl, who is a whiz around the house anyway, straightway began knitting little booties and sweaters, the Shari lost at least some of her allergy for the dishpan and Kiff became a picky man for his mother who was getting out of shape for much stooping. It convinced us that there is nothing to equal coming blessed event to give children sense of responsibility and appreciation for their home.

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And Beryl. When the going to the hospital time conflicted with a long

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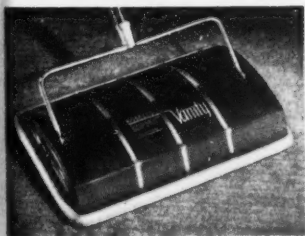
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Continued from page 14

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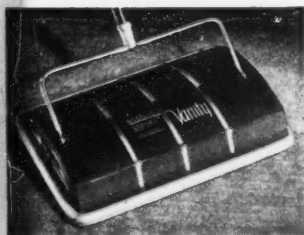
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planned and much-looked-forward-to vacation with friends at a northern lake, she insisted on calling off the trip. All through her mother's absence she kept the house in order and cooked the meals.

We may be wrong, but we think that sort of thing is good for children.

While we are on the subject of pregnancy, we can truthfully say that the older you are the easier it is. To be sure it's still an annoying, frustrating, tiresome business; but it fits in better with what you like to do when you are 37 than when you are 27. Then we always had the feeling it was keeping us from a lot of fun—parties, dances, tennis games and so on—which it was. Now it's not such a hardship to sit around and play bridge or charades or just talk with friends.

Instead of going away for a holiday last summer we stayed home and put the money and energy into the house. We got a lot of satisfaction out of having a new heating unit installed along with some much-needed plumbing repairs. And, surprisingly enough, we were just about able to pay for them on the money we'd saved through being confined to home.

We should report, too—and this is the experience of the other fourth-baby

mothers we met—that this latest confinement was easier than any of the others. Aileen set something of a record for herself—out of bed on the second day and home helping look after a little Sylvia on the seventh. With each of the others the hospital stay was at least two weeks and the recovery much slower.

That brings us to the part about what it's like having a brand - new baby around the house again. And right here, at the risk of getting maudlin, we are going to get maudlin. We'd forgotten how much fun a small, helpless cuddly baby can be. Beats a pup all hollow, or a trained seal or a bowl of tropical fish or anything else you care to mention. Everybody is walking around with stars in their eyes. If you misplace a kid—or an adult, for that matter—you can be pretty sure to find them in the nursery just standing there beside the crib, staring at Sylvia, watching her make those silly little faces and talking the doggondest gibberish at her you ever heard.

It's true that Sylvia makes extra work, but there are five people around here just busting to do for her. In fact, we've

had to work out a sort of sliding scale for the kids, based on age and proficiency.

Beryl is a whiz with babies and can do just about anything her mother can . . . including bathing Sylvia and changing her britches. And, what is more important, she is crazy about doing it. When she finally got around to going away for a holiday after the baby arrived she practically had to be kicked out of the house, and she left pretty definite instructions concerning the care of "her baby."

This provides us with the perfect built-in baby sitter. We can slip out to a show or a bridge game feeling absolutely confident that all will be well when we get home. Naturally, we don't want to tie Beryl to the cradle either, but there are seven nights in a week and it doesn't take much organization to give everybody all the freedom they need. Besides, there are certain evenings when teen-age girls like to have the house to themselves.

Shari is permitted to hold the baby and give her the bottle. She is also pretty good at hanging diapers on the line. This chore she fits right into her cowboy games. The other day she was standing on the back porch pinning diapers like

60 and talking just as fast to Roy Rogers (Chris) who, with hands deep in jeans pockets and straw in mouth, was lolling against a tree down below. "These diapers aren't for my own baby, you know," she informed him. "I'm just doing them for Mrs. Blare who cooks at the Star ranch. Poor thing, she's been in bed ever since the baby came."

The old man takes care of the daily wash. One thing you can say for diapers—they at least have no buttons to rip off in the wringer.

Kiff gets into the act, too, by watching that the baby doesn't fall off things. He doesn't seem too disappointed that the baby turned out to be a girl instead of a boy, as he insisted all along it would . . . even though he did lose a two-bit bet to his oldest sister on the deal. We were afraid the girls might give him a bit of a ride, but Sharon's remark when he first came home from visiting friends during the time his mother was in the hospital more or less set the tone. Taking his hand she said . . . "When you see her, Kiff, you won't mind that she's not a boy. You'll just love her."

In fact, for one so small it's a marvel what Sylvia has done for family harmony, unity and loyalty. She represents



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Quilts Sisters
and Productions

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Don't let your situation
define you. Join us.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.



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THE
J. ARTHUR RANK
ORGANIZATION
PRESENTS

SUSAN SHAW
Everybody's Favorite Film Is
Nobody's Favorite Film



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An  Release

AFRAID TO FLY

Continued from page 6

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You are allowed 66 lbs. of luggage. My wardrobe had to do me for four weeks in England and it weighed only

So easy to make with



"BUD" DESSERTS



It's fun

making things with

SHIRRIFF'S DESSERTS

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that exciting salon look
yourself... at home... with

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Yes, care of your hair can and should begin at home. For instance, brushing your hair regularly with one of Ogilvie Sisters genuine boar-bristle hairbrushes helps to stimulate the scalp's blood supply, polishes your hair to a luxurious, natural lustre.

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5-5

a project that everyone can wholeheartedly endorse. The kids are united in a common cause. Even Kiff, who is closest to her in age, has shown no sign of jealousy. Not long after Sylvia arrived his mother told him that the amount of love parents have for children depends on how long they've had them. At this he cracked back... "I guess that's because they can do more work for you."

For a while we fretted a bit lest, by giving a fourth, we might be depriving the other three of some things they might want, but now we realize that was just another example of negative thinking. I don't know of anything we could have given the kids that would provide more fun, pride and satisfaction. Shari and Chris have the drop on most of their playmates. Whatever the other kids may have, they've got something better—a real live baby sister. It's a rare evening after school that they don't lead a group of properly subdued, tiptoeing young sprouts into the nursery to show off their prize package. Watching the smug look on their faces is worth the price of the baby alone. Shari hit the nail on the head when she turned to a pigtailed moppet and demanded laughingly... "See, isn't that a lot better than any old rubber wetwums doll?"

So far as we parents are concerned, we can truthfully say that we are getting more kick out of this baby than we did out of any of the others. We think that the reason for this is that older people like babies better than young people do. We used to marvel, when Beryl was a baby, how her grandparents seemed to get more fun out of her than we did. We put this down to the fact that they could have all the pleasure of the baby with little of the responsibility and drudgery. Now we don't think anything of the kind.

Young parents are inclined to take a baby too seriously. They are too tense, too afraid they may be doing something detrimental to the baby's physical or mental development. As you get older and have been through the mill two or three times you take things easier... are more relaxed about the whole business. You take time out to enjoy the baby. Besides, you are more self-assured. You've seen babies before, you know that they grow up to be children. And children don't frighten you any more, either. They're just kids, after all, not little monsters... almost as important as adults, but not quite.

At this point we can hear the screams of protest from some modern, science-ridden critics with the latest theory on child raising at their tongue tips. "Those Braithwaites," they are probably saying, "will spoil that poor baby as no baby has ever been spoiled before."

Well, those critics can go climb a tree. We're not worrying, and we're betting that the kind of attention Sylvia gets here won't do her too much harm.

So, there it is, parents. If you find that you're getting a little bored with things, that you're growing old too fast, or if you just want to do yourself a big favor, we recommend the one-more-baby tonic. Producing a brand-new human life is still the most satisfying and exciting project two people can undertake. It is just about the only positive thing left in an otherwise pretty negative world.

And, we repeat, a new baby is good for a family... good for the kids and good for the parents. +



Don't let your skin make you look old

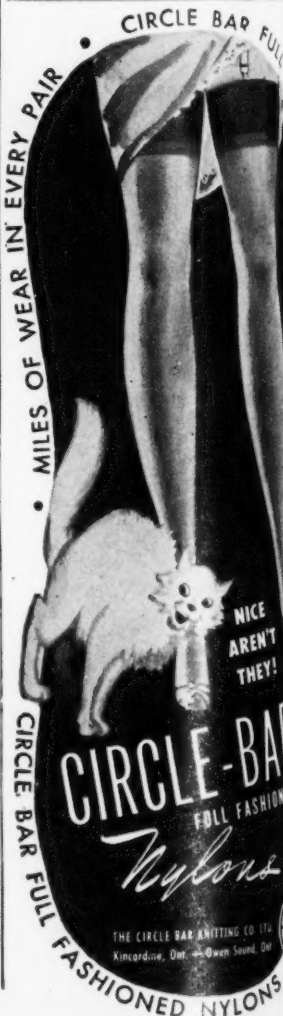
New 4-Way Beauty Aid Helps
Look Softer, Smoother, Younger

Here at last is a cold cream that does more for your skin than just cleans it. It's Noxzema Cold Cream—an exquisitely perfumed cream that helps your skin look softer, cleaner, younger. It gives it gentle medication that's real good for your complexion.

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Try Noxzema Cold Cream! See yourself how wonderfully clean, fresh your skin looks—how much softer and smoother it feels. Get Noxzema Cold Cream today at any drug or cosmetic counter, 23c, 39c.



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1951

is Festival Year in

BRITAIN



Come to Britain in '51
—for the "Festival of
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Come to Britain in '51
—for shopping and
vacation values.



Come to Britain in '51
—for music, drama and
exhibitions.



Come to Britain in '51
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1951—Festival of Britain year—is a great year to "Come to Britain". Not only will you find the country in festive mood—with a fascinating programme of dramatic and musical events and exhibitions of science and industry staged for your enjoyment at more than twenty centres throughout the land, but—

You'll find that devaluation has made Britain a thrifty land in which to vacation and shop . . .

You'll find you can use all the gas you wish for your car, without rationing . . .

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You'll find friends eager to welcome you . . . eager to show you sights and scenes famous in history.

Make 1951 your year for making that trip to Britain. See your travel agent today!

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45 lbs., which may give you some idea of how much luggage-leeway you have.

From the moment you take off until you arrive on the other side you have a nice strapping steward and a cute little stewardess nipping cheerily up and down the aisle, bestowing attentions, smiles, dinner, pillows, soft wool blankets and breakfast, in just that order. And you lap it up.

Dinner, going over from this side—prefaced by cocktails, sherry or fruit drink, on the house—included soup, hot fried chicken, new potatoes, new peas, salad, fruit cup, cookies and coffee. I was bewildered at the speed with which this hot food was put in front of so many passengers in rapid succession.

Curiosity took me to the galley amidships after dinner where I discovered that all the hot food was taken aboard, precooked and frozen. The thawing and heating, in small electric ovens, is done in a flash and takes nothing from the flavor. Everything in the galley is devised for compactness and speed.

Following dinner the overhead lights are doused and the silence is like a sleeping bird. If you want to read you may, by an individual light by your side. If not, you tip your upholstered seat to the horizontal position you like best, and tuck in with your pillow and soft wool blanket. In no time, it seemed, we were being awakened by the rousing smell of bacon and the preparations for landing.

When you pack a little social intercourse, sleep and two meals into 14 hours, you can see what becomes of

boredom. Suddenly there was a knock from a fellow passenger, "The Emerald Isle," followed by a broad, Scottish voice, "'N th' bonnie, bonnie BONNIE banks o' Scotland," and we were soaring into Prestwick on the southwestern coast of Scotland.

There we were, 14 hours after leaving Montreal, sniffing the caressing softness of Prestwick's sea air. It was incredible. There had been no fear, no discomfort and no boredom. But you really have to make the trip to know what I mean.

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No modern girl need "stay at home" miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.

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The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it in time. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

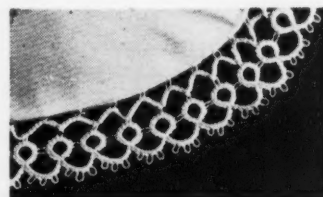
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GL-229

SUPER SUPPER

Continued from page 11

Super Supper Menu

Vegetable Chowder
Toast Rings, Crackers
Crown of Beef Tongue
with
Horse-radish Jelly
Assorted Relishes
Salmon Salad
Pecan Rolls
Fruit Salad Bowl
Maple Charlotte Russe
"Mum" Cake
Hot Beverage

Note: This menu need not be served complete. Omit, if you wish, either the Crown of Beef Tongue or the Salmon Salad. For a small party both the Maple Russe and Cake could be omitted.

Vegetable Chowder

- 1½ pound side or back bacon
- 2 large onions, sliced
- 3 carrots, diced
- 6 medium potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 cup celery, diced
- ½ cup chopped green pepper (optional)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 cups boiling water
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ½ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 4 cups milk
- Chopped parsley
- Paprika

Method: Cut bacon in 1-inch pieces. Cook slowly in bottom of heavy kettle for 5 minutes. Add onion and carrots. Cook for 10 minutes. Add potatoes, celery, green pepper, salt and boiling water. Cover tightly and simmer for 30 minutes or until potatoes and carrots are tender.

Melt butter in separate saucepan. Add flour, salt and pepper. Mix until smooth. Gradually add milk. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add this sauce to first mixture, being careful not to break the potatoes. Reheat and serve at once in individual bowls or in a large tureen garnished with chopped parsley and paprika.

Yield: 10 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Crown of Tongue

"A Picture Platter"

Buy 2 cans of Beef Tongue of different sizes, chill, then turn out of cans. Place larger tongue on centre of chop plate. Top with the smaller tongue. Arrange molds of horse-radish jelly around the plate. Garnish with bunches of red Tokay grapes. For a festive touch make a border of sliced pimento-stuffed olives around the edge of the larger tongue.

(See photograph of Super Supper on page 10.)

Horse-radish Jelly

To 1 package lime or lemon jelly powder add 1 cup boiling water. Mix until dissolved. Add ¾ cup ginger ale



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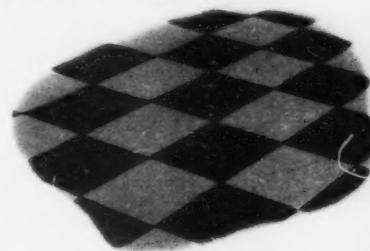
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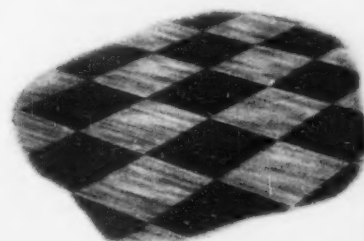
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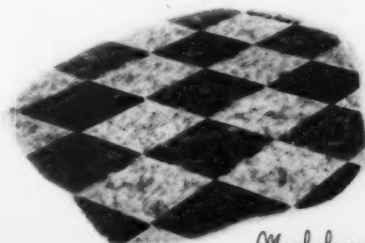
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and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Cool until partially set, then fold in 3 tablespoons grated horseradish. Pour into small individual molds. When set unmold and serve with cooked tongue.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Assorted Relishes

Cheese Pyramids are effective in the relish dish. Make them this way: Cut processed cheese in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices. Then cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch squares, an equal number of each. Place the smaller square on top of the larger one. Top with a slice of stuffed olive and secure with a colored toothpick.

Celery Twirls are novel and decorative. For a party of 12 select 2 medium well-formed heads of green celery. Wash, then trim off tops and coarse outer stalks. (These can be used another time for soup or stews.) Next, with sharp knife cut off root. Separate stalks of celery, scrub and cut in approximately 5-inch lengths. (Use all but small centre stalks.) Let stand in ice water while preparing the filling.

For Filling use 2 packages plain cream cheese. Allow to stand at room temperature so cheese will be soft. Tint cheese with vegetable coloring if desired. (1 package pale green, the other pale pink or yellow.) Drain and dry celery stalks. Fill cavities with cheese. If cheese is tinted in two colors fill equal number of stalks with each color. Then put celery stalks together (alternating the colors) so as to form celery heads (about two inches in diameter). Tie tightly with string. Wrap in wax paper and chill for

several hours or overnight. Just before serving cut celery in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices.

Note: Other relishes might include watermelon rind pickle and a fruit conserve. Sweet mustard pickles would be suitable, too, particularly with the cooked tongue.

Salmon Salad

Combine flaked canned salmon with chopped celery and season with a little lemon juice. Arrange on individual salad plates with a border of cottage cheese. Garnish with hard-cooked egg and sliced ripe olives. Have a bowl of mayonnaise handy for those who wish it.

Pecan Rolls

Use your favorite roll dough. After first rising, roll dough out until rectangular and about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Spread almost to edge with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut in slices $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter or margarine with 1 cup brown sugar. Put one tablespoon in the bottom of greased muffin pans. On top arrange 3 or 4 pecans. Put roll slices cut side down on top. Allow to rise in a warm place until almost double. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out on wire rack. Serve warm.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Fruit Salad Bowl

This can be an "as you like it" combination. The Institute's choice was shredded lettuce with apple sections and

saves embarrassment...and money!

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pinapple wedges. The unpeeled apple sections were dipped in pineapple juice to prevent them from turning dark. Serve with salad, a dressing made with part fruit juice, lemon juice, oil and a little sugar.

Maple Charlotte Russe

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold milk
- 1 cup hot milk
- 2 egg yolks
- Few grains salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup maple syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon maple flavoring
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- Lady fingers

Method: Soak gelatin in cold milk. To hot milk in double boiler add beaten egg yolks combined with salt and maple syrup. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture coats the spoon. Add soaked gelatin and mix until dissolved. Remove from heat. Add maple flavoring. Set in a cool place until partially set. Then fold in the whipped cream. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Fold into gelatin mixture. Line dessert mold with lady fingers or thin fingers of sponge cake. Fill mold with gelatin mixture. Chill until set. To serve, unmold and garnish with whipped cream and chopped nuts. For special occasion garnish with maple sugar leaves or with

maple cream fudge leaves (cut with cardboard pattern from a plate of homemade maple cream).

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Note: This recipe may be doubled or tripled for a big party.

Approved by Chataleine Institute.

"Mum" Cake

Frost a homemade or "cake store" angel cake with seven-minute frosting tinted with pink or yellow vegetable coloring to match your table color scheme. Around the outside edge of the cake plate arrange small single or double 'mums' to match the icing.

Seven-Minute Frosting

- 2 egg whites
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon light corn syrup
- 5 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Put all ingredients, except vanilla, in top of double boiler. Have water in the bottom of double boiler boiling rapidly. Stir mixture until sugar is dissolved. Allow to cook 2 minutes without stirring, then remove from fire. Beat frosting over hot water for 7 minutes, or until it holds its shape. Add vanilla and beat 1 minute longer. This makes sufficient frosting to cover a 9 x 9 x 2 cake very thickly. +

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for Pumpkin Pie



No Cream! No Fuss! No Failures!

- 1 cup sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned pumpkin
- 1 tall can Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Blend sugar, spices, and salt in mixing bowl. Add eggs, pumpkin, and Carnation Milk. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 15 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and continue baking 40 minutes. Cool.

For Baking or Cooking Use the Milk that Whips!

FESTIVE MEALS offer a perfect opportunity to discover the magic of Carnation—the milk with water removed.

IN PIES, CAKES, and most other recipes that call for expensive cream, use *undiluted* Carnation. Like rich cream, it's heavy enough to whip. And millions prefer Carnation to cream in coffee!

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How to Make Leftovers the Best Part of the Turkey

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation Evaporated Milk diluted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups diced turkey (or chicken)

Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour and salt; cook 1 minute; remove from heat and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the milk. Blend carefully; add remaining milk and return to heat; stir constantly until sauce thickens and boils. Add diced turkey. Serve over fresh toast. Makes 4 portions.



or Creamed Turkey



The party most likely to succeed will be grouped around a television set, especially on a evening when a popular program is being shot over the air waves.

*P*ARTY TIME FOR TEENS

This coming winter you and your campus set will be in a whirl of doings and dancings. If you aren't staging a full-blown affair in your own home you'll be calling in the gang for the latest wrinkle in get-togethers—the coffee party—that's for sure!

And don't be fooled by the name. Like as not you'll be serving everything but coffee. For warmup affairs before the main event of the evening, you'll serve pop, fruit drinks, open-faced sandwiches and cookies. If you're on the windup end of the evening you'll be scrambling eggs and serving hot chocolate against a background of schmaltzy records.

Coffee parties are short, casual drop-in affairs and you'll not only be giving one yourself, but you'll be invited to several others all on the same evening, so you'll be prepared to take off as soon as your stunt is over.

Now let's talk about home base parties when the whole gang arrives at your house and stays put. When the evening's fun depends on you. In that case it's smart to latch on to some theme—an unusual, original idea to make your party stand head and shoulders above the rest.

For example a "Sadie Hawkins" do is not too well known in these parts. It's a girl-takes-boy event and can be loads of fun. Get some member of the gang with artistic

BY BUNNY COSWAY

PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED.

leanings to paint murals of Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae to be tacked around the walls of the recreation room. Then for further theme-setting, gather a bunch of rakes together and disguise them with gaily colored crepe paper. The highlight of the evening will be a ladder, decorated and set up so that each guest will enter from an open window, descend, be blindfolded and whirled immediately into the festivities of the Sadie Hawkins party.

An After-Ski Party is always fun. It gives you a chance to wear the new fireside fashions so in vogue at ski-time in Canada. From chatting to hi-timers you'll find that to combine an evening of skiing on a clear winter night, with delicious snacks later is to suggest to them the very peak of entertainment. For skiing is one of the predominant winter pastimes of the Canadian hi-timer.

When you send out invitations to everyone to come to a "Gay Nineties" party at your home, you can be sure just what the reaction will be. For it will mean an evening that will bring back the days of the Barbershop Quartet and the couples on the "Boardwalk." Everyone must come attired in

striped beach costumes, perhaps have a handlebar mustache, or carry a parasol to match that old-fashioned bonnet and gown. Probably the easiest way to make young people relax is to have them don a costume. It usually does the trick. Two prizes should be given: first, for the most "original" costume, and second for the best talent presented by the "vaudeville acts." For each guest must have something rehearsed. It all adds to the success of a "Gay Nineties" party.

Out of the ordinary is this next suggestion for a party designed especially for the "young teens." Perhaps a little added attention should be given to them, in an article slanted at the campus crowd. And so this party suggestion, written for the young teens, comes from a young teen.

It's called a "Pirate Party." Everyone naturally comes dressed in this costume. Your recreation room or living room is now decorated with everything you can find to change it into a typical "Pirate Ship." And the highlight of the evening this time is a buried treasure which can be discovered by clues read by the hostess, at spaced ♦ Continued on next page

A surefire recipe for fun at home is a variety of games to put the gang in a party mood . . . with rewards for wit and wisdom and a special prize for the booby.



intervals throughout the evening. (This "treasure" could be an album of blues or jazz records.)

And a wonderful mix 'em and match 'em idea which could be applied (after the new album has been unwrapped by the lucky winner) is to have each person choose a name from a make-believe treasure chest. On each slip of paper will be the name of a Historic Lover. For example the boy might draw the name of Antony and he must find his Cleopatra and claim her for the first few records of the evening.

"Cashmere" sweaters are considered to be the one luxury item in the wardrobe of a smooth teen-ager—whether boy or girl. If you find after Christmas that you too have a soft cashmere sweater as one of your gifts, why don't you throw a Cashmere Party during the holiday week. Couples pair off, for the first few records, with the person wearing an identical shade of sweater. Your friends could bring along their new records—Christmas gifts too. Everyone could benefit from the presents. It's fun to be casual at a party and what

could be more so than wearing the classic sweater and skirt. (This idea could be varied—not necessarily having to be "cashmere" sweaters but something simple and "easy to slip into.")

And now two ideas for parties labeled "gals only."

Mom's away, the icebox is full of good things to eat. So on a cold winter night why not a slumber party for your own club or sorority? Long lazy hours of listening to stacks of records, sipping cokes and ending up in the kitchen for a midnight snack. There's something

about a pyjama party that is especially important to the teen-age gal. It's just as much a part of our age group as the "New Look" and the new dance steps are!

A cute trick, if a small birthday party is in the offing, is to arrange an evening based on the idea of the "Balloon Corsage." The guest of honor is presented with a corsage of balloons (each a different shade) with ribbon ties at the bottom. Tucked inside each balloon is a two-line verse giving her a clue as to the hiding place of each individual present. With the pop of each balloon, and the search after, you'll find that the evening has lengthened, that a lot of fun has been had by all, and that it's now time for you to serve the food from your buffet.

Food For Thought

A popular young miss was once asked how she could run a party, take care that everyone was being entertained, serve the food, and yet still remain serene and unruffled. She explained that she had done most of the work the night before and that she always kept her menu a tasty but simple one. She also added "that if people are really enjoying themselves, they hate to tear away from the fun, even for food. That's why buffets are my specialty." Why not make a buffet-style lunch your specialty and it will help you to enjoy your own party just that much more?

When you're having the crowd back after skiing, serving cheese dreams is always a wonderful idea. Strips of sliced bread, grated cheese, bacon and tomato, pop them in and out of the oven and serve with chocolate cupcakes and hot chocolate and whipped cream.

After the Sadie Hawkins do, another type of menu should fit the bill—crusty French stick or rye bread, sliced cold ham—so that they can make their own Dagwoods—dill pickles and sweet, and tiny potato salad cups. Limeade or something which you could pretend was the real "Kick-a-poo Joy Juice."

The answer to a maiden's prayer is "Hamburger Heaven." Borrow as many card tables as you can find and set them up in your kitchen or recreation room. At each table have a printed menu, reading "Hamburgers and French Fries, served on a bun in a basket." The notion counters of your large department stores have these flat wicker baskets, which can be used again and again. Place a white serviette on the bottom and serve four baskets to a table, together with ice-cold cokes. If you do know someone with a knack for printing, have them do a banner, reading "Hamburger Heaven" and string it up across the kitchen, just before the food is served. Besides being fun, eating in the kitchen simplifies cleaning up later.

With delicious food, an evening with a zest to it, and a young serene hostess, how could your party be anything but a success?

What's the formula for a successful party? It's simple really. It's realizing that your hearth, not your home is what counts. It's creating an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness; it's sharing music, laughter, delicious food with friends who are fun-loving.

That's the recipe to put sparkle into a party. ♦



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READER TAKES OVER

Cross Section

Dear Editor: Austin Cross, writing on "Women in Politics," was delightful. I thought it quite the best article appearing in any popular publication which I have read for some time—until I read Mrs. Fairclough's reply. Don't you think she is the wiser, after all? Both pieces should stir more female participation in politics than anything since 1920. And when we have enough women in Parliament so they can be judged on performance instead of sex appeal, my wager is that Canada will have better government than today.

—Miss Leith Harding.
Hamilton, Ont.

... Mr. Austin Cross' article on women in politics is the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Every article I have read analyzing the reasons why Gladys Strum was defeated emphasizes the fact that it must have been because she was a woman. It was because of her politics. After some six years of CCF rule in Saskatchewan, the voters of Qu'Appelle constituency weren't having any more of it—and so elected the Liberal, Mr. Austin Dewar. If the situation had been reversed and Mrs. Strum had been the Liberal and Mr. Dewar the CCF, it would have been the Liberal woman who would have been elected, and not the CCF man. Mr. Cross and his fellow-writers would do well to make more of this fact.

—Miss Joanne MacPherson.
Moosomin, Sask.

... Austin Dewar won by a small majority, and one wonders if Ottawa has gained anything except another Liberal vote—which they don't really need. Thanks for airing this controversial subject at this time. I am very interested in politics, always vote, and try to influence other men and women to take an intelligent interest in the government of their country.

—Mrs. Rose Hanson.
Wapella, Sask.

Dear Mr. Cross: When I did not thank you for kind remarks you made two or three years ago, I am very sorry you thought me discourteous. Please accept my thanks now for old and new courtesies. If I remember correctly the reference to me was part of a long article. I disagreed with its general tenor even as I disagree with this

September one. I shall not go into criticism either good or bad of your statements, except as they refer to myself and to the two women Senators who are doing much more service for this country than you think.

"I myself" has never been a favorite topic with me. Perhaps that is why I did not thank you. Perhaps I was busy with more important matters than myself.

your reference to my husband as a "grand guy"? Indeed he was a man of sound opinions, well reasoned, worth quoting; I am proud of him, proud that he thought me worthy of discussing public affairs with him. I am still influenced by his clear thinking and am glad to acknowledge his influence even if I lay myself open to your taunt of "John says." Husbands like mine are quoted by more than their wives.

Offended by being called a housewife? Not in the least. Why in the world should I be? I have not tried to be

other than I am. I kept house for 22 years and would be glad to still keep house if I had anyone left to keep house for. I found time also for church work, community service, participation in various organizations and sports. I still do. Keeping house is a noble profession.

Yes, I was defeated in 1945. But I was nominated by those with whom I worked. I have nothing but gratitude for the many who gave me their confidence. I was bitterly disappointed. I had tried to serve my constituents collectively and individually. I studied

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Use all Irish linen handkerchiefs with your lovely dinner set. A practical, heavy gift for anyone.

Christmas Shopping

Are you in the know?



When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- ☐ Run for the farthest exit ☐ Mumble hi and g'bye ☐ Take time out

Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes... even at calendar time. With Kotex,

there are no telltale outlines, what with those *flat pressed ends* to prevent them. You're carefree. Moreover, you get *extra* protection with Kotex. You see, that special *safety centre* keeps you confident and carefree... wherever you go!



Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- ☐ The tartan skirt
☐ The grey flannel dress
☐ The chinchilla coat

If you're in the Smooth Set, you already know—these three outfits are fashion "firsts". Does your best study-buddy own a tartan skirt? Knit her some Argyle socks, to match the colours. A nifty giftie for Christmas! Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So... Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies*. (Different sizes, for different days.) By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll learn which is "definitely for you".



★T.M. Regd

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KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

hard what I considered their best interests. I am proud that I had a small part in bringing in Family Allowances—I put much time on the study of social services both in committees and out.

I was disappointed but I stayed in Edmonton, took up service of a different kind and live among those who turned me down. I have no hidden resentment. A poor sport?

No, your analysis of reasons for my defeat does not go deep enough. Let me state a couple of factors. Social Credit has won every provincial election since 1935. All Liberal candidates in Alberta except two were defeated in 1945. I was the only woman running. There were five candidates in Edmonton East. There was tough competition.

Chatelaine is to be congratulated for putting these two articles in the same issue. Mrs. Fairclough writes well and soundly, and will contribute much to the thinking of the Commons.

—Cora Casselman.

Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Mr. Cross: I have read with interest your article on "Women in Politics Haven't Much Sense." If your arguments regarding the reasons women M.P.'S fail to get elected are correct, your article might better have been titled, "The Voters Haven't Much Sense." For instance you state one of the ladies lost the election because she went to college, bought a car and went to California. This would seem to indicate something seriously wrong with the noggins of the electorate rather than the candidate. However, I am not writing to you with the idea of criticizing your analysis, but to offer you at least one fan letter from a woman interested in politics.

—Mrs. J. McNeely.

Vancouver, B.C.

... Every article I have read analyzing the reasons why Gladys Strum was defeated emphasizes the fact that it must have been because she was a woman. It was her politics. After some six years of CCF rule in Saskatchewan, voters of Qu'Appelle constituency weren't having any further part of it—and so elected Mr. Austin Dewar.

—Miss Joanne MacPherson.
Moosomin, Sask.

No Comparison

Dear Editor: Why, oh, why didn't you get Maida Parlow French to write a good article on her trip to England instead of the article published by Margaret Ecker Francis? Imagine anybody trying to compare London with Canada! I was born in London, England, and lived there for the first 25 years of my life. I was just a working girl. Oh, yes, I saw the art galleries, and the Zoological Gardens, Madame Tussaud's, the Crystal Palace and many of the lovely plays at the theatres, also did my rounds of the parks. But these visits were few and far between, as the pennies it cost had to be earned at sweated labor. I came to Canada. I have traveled miles and miles and miles by car and railway and I have seen a great deal of Canada and the United States. I didn't have to struggle so hard to make the money to visit these places, as I find it much easier to get a living in this wonderful land of opportunity.

The sloppy tweeds worn in Vancouver

Never neglect a tiny cut



Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance.

Cleanse the cut properly. Then put on BAND-AID*, the adhesive bandage that stays put... even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Caution: Remember not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

*BAND-AID is the registered trademark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.

The quick, easy way to bandage a tiny cut



and Victoria compare favorably with anything I saw on the countryside in England. The Empress Hotel with its flower gardens compares well with Kew. The flowerpots on the lamp posts in Victoria are quite as interesting as anything I ever saw in England. But how can one compare England with Canada? How? Canada, a land of a few hundred years against a country of centuries and centuries! Try comparing the Rockies with anything that England has! Give me the Rockies. And I'm not prejudiced either. I still love England and its quiet lanes and beautiful hedges of blackberries, honeysuckle, etc. Compare the beautiful blanket of snow that silently falls on an autumn night on this prairie with anything England has to offer and believe me that grand blanket of crystal purity must win.

I do not think an article such as Margaret Ecker Francis has written and you have had published is an asset to Chatelaine. One must be rather broad-minded to take it. I don't think comparisons of these two countries are meant for print. You possibly will get more mail about this article. I do hope it was not published just for the sake of learning how much publicity a magazine article will create.

I have been hoping to learn from Maida Parlow French what her reaction to her visit in England was like. I read the article about her trip on a tramp steamer. I know how very Canadian she is, and do hope someday to learn more about her trip. Best wishes for our magazine and thank you for the nice new look.

—G. Bonnis.

Brandon, Man.

A Wag of the Tiger's Tail

Dear Editor: The September issue is chockful of hints and suggestions colorfully illustrated and described. You've done a wonderful job, so we say, "Don't let loose of the tiger's tail, because he'll lead you to a winner."

—Mrs. ReRoy Brown.

Toronto, Ont.

... Your new dress is most becoming! Chatelaine has been for years a satisfying woman's magazine, but the new format gives your book a smartness that places it right up in the front rank of its field.

Ease of reading, beauty of illustration, excellence of writing, timeliness of articles—just everything is on a par with the finest standards. You are to be congratulated on your good taste and judgment.

—Mrs. C. D. Slatery.

Hamilton, Ont.

... Having three small children I haven't much time for reading, but never miss going through Chatelaine from cover to cover. Every now and then you publish a story I'd call exceptional. "The Blue Slippers," by Violet King, which was published in August, 1949, was one of them. When you remember a short story you read over a year ago and still enjoy the memory of it, it is exceptional.

—Mrs. B. Thorbourne.

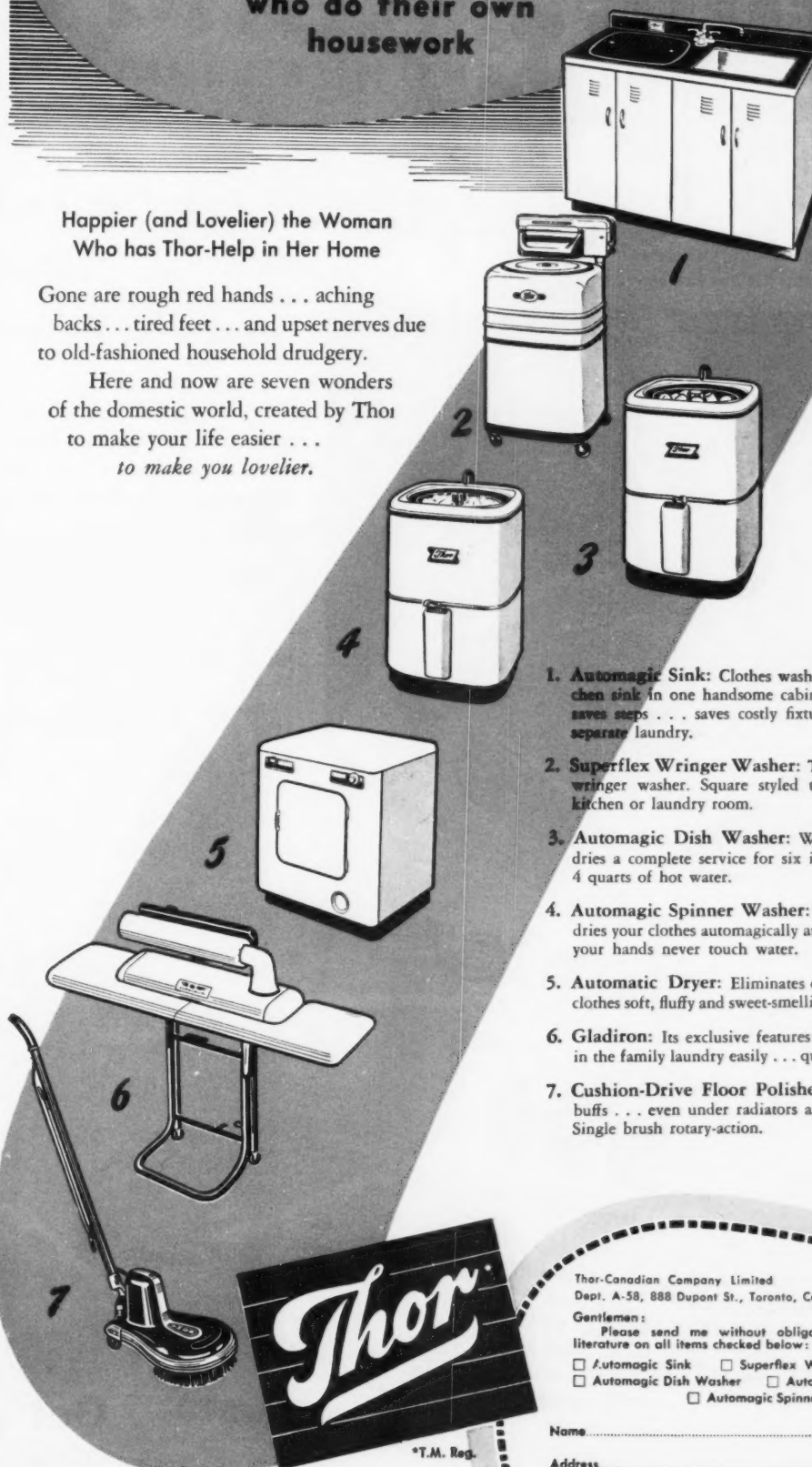
Liverpool, N.S.

HERE ARE SEVEN *Beauty Secrets* of the World's Loveliest Women who do their own housework

Happier (and Lovelier) the Woman Who has Thor-Help in Her Home

Gone are rough red hands... aching backs... tired feet... and upset nerves due to old-fashioned household drudgery.

Here and now are seven wonders of the domestic world, created by Thor to make your life easier... to make you lovelier.



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2. **Superflex Wringer Washer:** The only completely new wringer washer. Square styled to fit into any modern kitchen or laundry room.
3. **Automagic Dish Washer:** Washes, rinses, and even dries a complete service for six in 5 minutes. Uses only 4 quarts of hot water.
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Address.....

*T.M. Reg.

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There's a new "no-kneel method"
for shining floors with
wonderful Water-Repellent Glo-Coat!



Waxing floors can be so easy-easy-easy!

Hurry to your dealer's today. He has both things you'll need . . . Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat and the sensational new Glo-Coater applicator!

Now you're ready! Just pour a little Glo-Coat on the floor . . . and spread it around, standing up, with your Glo-Coater.

And now you're through! In minutes . . . without a stroke of polishing . . . your floor is sparkling with a picture-book Glo-Coat shine!

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Head comes apart and pad slips off for easy washing!

Long handle holds lightweight plastic head. Aluminum insert, with fluffy chenille pad, clicks out in a jiffy and pad detaches for washing. Same pad can be used again and again. The Glo-Coater is also handy for wiping up splashed water and spilled food, and for dusting down cobwebs.



The Glo-Coater is now featured
at your dealer's.

Get yours today!

"Johnson's", "Glo-Coat" and "Glo-Coater" are trade-marks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

D

INNER'S IN THE OVEN

BY MARGARET MEADOWS

Chatelaine Institute



It's 6.15 p.m.—the doorbell rings! In a gay and happy mood you greet your guests. There's no last-minute rush. Dinner is good, it's ready and you are free to enjoy it. Here's the menu and how you plan your work:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Vegetable Juice Cocktail | |
| Cheese Puffs | |
| Pork Chops Supreme* | |
| Potato en Casserole* | |
| Baked Turnips* | |
| Homemade Pickles | Green Salad Bowl* |
| Cherry Dumplings* | Cream |
| Rolls | Coffee |

Note: Approximate cost of above menu is \$2.75 for 4 servings; \$3.25 for 6 servings.

IN THE MORNING: The following little jobs can be done.

Make syrup for apple rings.

Roll crumbs for coating chops. These may be crackers or stale bread, dried in a slow oven.

Wash salad greens, chill in crisper. Chop onion, cut green pepper. Wrap in wax paper and put in refrigerator.

Open canned mushroom soup and canned cherries ready for making casserole and dessert. Drain juice from cherries and make syrup (see recipe).

Measure tea biscuit mix into bowl. Cut in butter or shortening. Measure milk and leave all ready in refrigerator to mix and roll. Check linen, silver and glassware. Fill salt and pepper shakers.

EARLY AFTERNOON: (at least by 3.30). Check menu. See that nothing has been forgotten.

Set the table—time here for a little fussing and then out to the kitchen.

If you are one of the lucky ones and have an automatic timer—today's a good day to use it. It will remind you that "dinner's in the oven." Or try setting an alarm clock. Does the trick just the same. Timing is important.

4.00 O'CLOCK: Allow half an hour or so to pare vegetables and arrange in casseroles.

Heat syrup and simmer apple rings (see recipe). Brown chops in skillet, place in baking dish. Top with apple rings. We used an ovenproof platter which is attractive as well as useful. It goes directly from oven to table and saves washing an extra pan.

5.00 P.M.: A few minutes before the hour put meat and potatoes in oven, + *Continued on next page*



This Woodbury Bride *was courted on skis!*

On a ski slope, Christopher Gribbin met Marie Gerin-Lajoie of Montreal... and shyly asked her for instruction.

She was a lovely teacher, with a Woodbury complexion more dazzling than the snow! (Woodbury Soap Facials were her daily musts!)



She was a beautiful bride! Marie knows Woodbury's secret: That the skin specialists who make Woodbury Creams put a skin-smoothing beauty-cream ingredient into Woodbury Soap!

Marie knows her best bet for beauty is Woodbury's gentle, creamy lather. Have you tried Woodbury, the soap with the beauty-cream ingredient? It's wonderful for luxurious beauty baths, too.

(MADE IN CANADA)

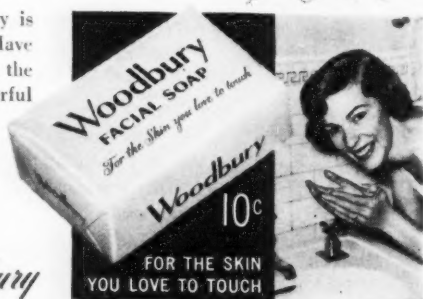
*No "Skin-Burn" with
Extra-Mild Woodbury*

It wasn't long before Chris was skiing like a champion. And it wasn't long before they knew they were in love!

So when Chris finally proposed at the top of a slope, Marie didn't mind his confession... that her "pupil" was Ski Coach for the University of Montreal!



They'll be a permanent ski-team from now on! Marie will keep her bride-beautiful complexion with daily Woodbury Soap care—so mild, so smoothing to her delicate skin. No "skin-burn!"



followed half an hour later by turnips. (These should not be overcooked as this spoils color and flavor.)

Fill pickle dishes. Refrigerate.

Pour vegetable juice in glasses and set in refrigerator. Fix rolls ready for reheating—ever try a brown paper bag? It's a good idea. Put rolls in the bag. Sprinkle inside with a few drops of cold water. Close the bag tightly—put in

oven for a few minutes just before serving.

5.15 p.m.: Plenty of time now to change your dress and add a bit of glamour before finishing dessert.

5.30 p.m.: Reheat syrup. Make dumplings. They should be ready for oven by 6 o'clock.

6.00 p.m.: Just before putting in dessert—uncover potatoes so they will



In laboratory of Orange Crush Ltd. Mr. G. M. Thompson, general manager, and Mrs. A. M. Doggett, chief chemist, show Marie Holmes, Institute Director, microscopic plates used to determine purity of their beverages.

The Institute **APPROVES**



SIPPING COOL carbonated beverages is pleasant work on a warm June afternoon, the Institute staff decided. This *did* take place in our test kitchen and *was* part of our work. Orange Crush Ltd. had applied for Seal of Approval for one of their bottled beverages. We were sipping

Orange Crush to check its flavor.

We had a similar pleasant interval when at a later date the same company sent application forms for testing America Dry Gingerale!

The flavor of both beverages was satisfactory but that was just the beginning of our testing routine.

Beverages such as these, sold in vast quantities across Canada, must be pure. To be assured of the purity our chemists were asked to give both beverages a thorough microscopic examination. Their report showed that the beverages were entirely free of impurities.

A visit to the head office of the company doubly assured us of the quality of the products. There we saw the large well-equipped laboratory where high standards of purity are constantly checked.

Orange Crush and America Dry Gingerale now have the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval.

Our Seal is awarded only to products such as these, which pass our rigid routine of testing. Look for the Seal when you shop!



Model C-703 in walnut or mahogany cabinet, hand-rubbed to a satin-like finish. Standard and FM broadcast reception: 540 to 1600 kc/s and 88 to 108 m/s. Reliable automatic three-speed changer plays all three record types. Space for 120 standard records plus 96, 45's or 33's.



Music to match your mood

with Standard and FM radio . . . all three record types

Music for every occasion is yours to command when you own a G-E Radio Phonograph. Choose from the whole range of broadcast and recorded music . . . music to soothe taut nerves . . . music for dreaming and quiet listening . . . gay music

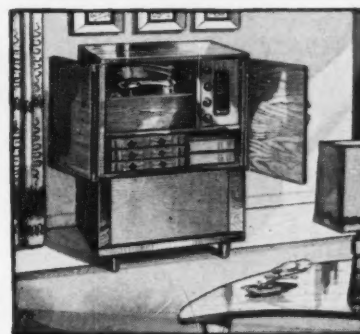
for dancing and parties. This priceless possession brings you music with all the natural life-like qualities you'd enjoy if actually in the presence of the performers. Music to match your mood . . . yours with a G-E Radio Phonograph.



MODEL C750. Console Combination in walnut, mahogany or light oak with massive "baffle" mounting for excellent bass response. Dynapower speaker and transformer power supply. Illuminated triple-play changer plays records at all three speeds. One-piece "Triple-Play" head. Six tubes.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
RADIO PHONOGRAPHS

See them . . . hear them
. . . compare them



Model C700. Restrained simplicity keynotes this Console Radio with 10" Dynapower speaker, three-gang condenser. Automatic phonograph plays all three record speeds. Six tubes. In walnut, mahogany, or light oak.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED**

Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

brown. Stir turnips, cover again. Baste apple rings to give a nice glaze.

Make up salad. It's no trick at all when greens are washed and ready. Marinate with your favorite dressing and put in refrigerator. Set out tray for vegetable juice cocktail—ready with cheese puffs and napkins. A nice idea is to serve this in the living room, especially if one is both hostess and maid. Gives you those few extra, necessary minutes to put the dinner on the table and have everything "just right." Put coffee on just before dinner is served.

Pork Chops Supreme

2 medium-sized shoulder pork chops ($\frac{1}{2}$ " thick)
Stale bread crumbs
1 egg (slightly beaten)
2 tablespoons milk
Poultry dressing
Paprika
Salt and pepper
3 tablespoons bacon dripping or lard

Preparation: Have the butcher bone chops if possible. Beat egg slightly. Add milk. Coat chops in crumbs. Dip in egg and milk mixture and coat again with crumbs.

Method: Heat dripping in frying pan. Brown chops on both sides. Place in a flat baking pan. Sprinkle with poultry dressing and paprika. Season with salt and pepper. Top each chop with two cinnamon apple rings. (See recipe.) Pour small amount of syrup around meat and bake in moderate oven (350 deg.F.) for $1\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Garnish with water cress. Yield: 4 servings.

Note: For 6 servings 3 medium-sized chops are sufficient.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Cinnamon Apple Rings

Apple rings $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
1 cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon flavoring
Red coloring

Preparation: Make syrup of water and sugar in shallow pan. Add cinnamon flavoring and red coloring.

Method: Simmer apple rings in syrup two minutes. They should be a nice rosy red but only partially done as they continue to cook in oven.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Potatoes En Casserole

6 medium-sized potatoes
3 tablespoons green pepper cut fine
3 tablespoons chopped onion
1 (10 ounce) tin mushroom soup
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
Salt and pepper

Preparation: Peel potatoes; slice thinly. Chop onion; cut green pepper fine.

Method: Arrange layers of potatoes, green pepper and onion in greased casserole. Season each layer with salt and



For Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE
New
Tangee
LIP STICK

It's no trick at all to turn "hopeless" gloomy surroundings into an enchanting, cheerful room. Yes, even on a slim-Jim budget! Try a gay print bedspread... wallpaper trim around the windows... a cozy writing nook. But be sure you start with a sparkling new Gold Seal Congoleum rug! That's the way to get a floor covering that lends excitement to your whole color scheme... that is smooth, easy to clean, comfortable underfoot. Best of all, it's such a good "buy"! For Gold Seal Congoleum—both rugs and by-the-yard—has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand! But remember—without this familiar Gold Seal—it isn't Congoleum! So look for it before you buy! You'll be surprised how much quality you can buy for so little money.

Nook with a Look:

Gold Seal Congoleum is a product of Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal.



WHAT EVERY LAXATIVE USER Ought to Know

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

— it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. It has a fine chocolate taste, and its action is dependable and thorough.

— it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works gently and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

— the Happy Medium!

EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative
Still only 15¢ and 35¢.

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Today Beltone's "Miracle Electronic Ear" is enabling thousands to hear *clearly* again—even whispers. Actually enables you to *hide* your deafness while bringing amazing new *intensity* and *clarity* of sound.



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pepper. Dilute mushroom soup with milk and pour over potatoes. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F) for 1½ hours. Uncover last half hour to brown. Yield: 4 large servings.

Variation: Try chopped celery instead of green pepper—it's very good too.

Note: For 6 servings recipe as above, using following quantities: 8 medium-sized potatoes, ¼ cup green pepper cut fine, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 (10-ounce) tin mushroom soup and 1 cup milk.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Baked Turnips

- 1 small turnip (about 3 cups diced)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoon brown sugar
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup water or stock

Preparation: Pare and dice turnip in small cubes.

Method: Put turnips in casserole with other ingredients. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for one hour. Stir once during cooking. Yield: 4 servings.

Note: For 6 servings recipe as above, using following quantities: 1 medium-sized turnip (about 4 cups diced), 1½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons brown sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine and ½ cup water or stock.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Green Salad Bowl

Prepare a combination of shredded cabbage, finely chopped onion, diced celery. Add tomato wedges and any other ingredients desired, such as grated carrot, sliced radishes or slices of green pepper. Toss and marinate with dressing of your own choice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Cherry Dumplings

- 2 cups prepared biscuit mix
- 4 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup milk
- 1 No. 2 can red pitted cherries
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup cherry juice
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract
- Juice 1 lemon

Preparation: Make a syrup of sugar and cherry juice. (Make up to 1 full cup with boiling water.) Boil 5 minutes. Remove from stove; add almond extract and lemon juice. Set aside until dumplings are ready.

Method: Cut butter into tea-biscuit mix. Add milk and make a soft dough. Roll to ¼" thickness. Cut into 4½" squares. Put ¼ cup cherries in centre. Fold four corners into centre. Pinch together. Roll dough in shape of a bow. Add for decoration (see illustration).

Place in greased baking pan. Pour syrup over and around dumplings. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for 25 to 30 minutes. Baste once or twice. Yield: 4 servings.

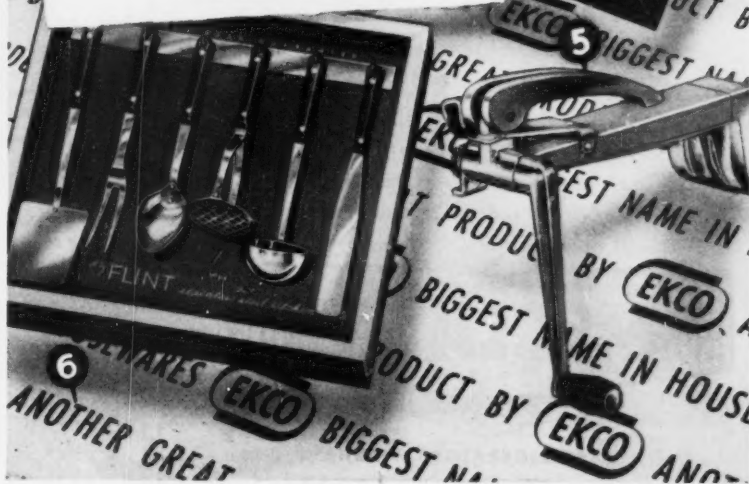
Note: For 6 servings increase recipe by one half.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

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- 1 "FLINT" four-piece carving set in a polished hardwood holder... The Ham Slicer and 9" Roast Slicer have hollow-ground, stainless steel blades. A magnetic sharpening and honing steel and Two-Time Fork complete the set. Handles are of solid rosewood.
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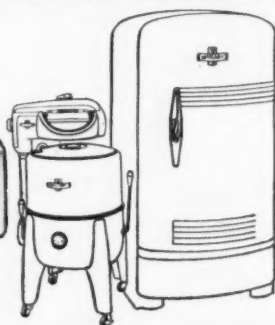
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RANGES-REFRIGERATORS-WASHERS

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

**PRETTY LITTLE CAKES**

by the Institute Staff

Of course you can decorate your own party cakes and cookies! And why not? It's all in knowing how. A few simple tricks—a little extra effort and there you have it—a gay and colorful array of toothsome tidbits—good enough to grace any tea table. The Institute suggests a basic recipe—one for little cakes and one for cookies. Then we give you some ideas on decorating each.

Basic Recipe for Little Cakes

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract
- 2 cups cake flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup egg whites
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

Method: Cream butter and shortening. Add flavorings and 1 cup sugar. Beat until smooth. Add sifted dry ingredients with milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth; gradually add remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and continue beating until mixture forms peaks that bend slightly. Fold into batter. Bake in waxed paper lined 9 x 12 inch pan in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 40 minutes.

Cool; cut and decorate as suggested below.

Variations: Cakes may be cut in the following manner: Small rounds, squares, triangles, crescents, diamonds (see illustration).

Approved by Chateleine Institute.

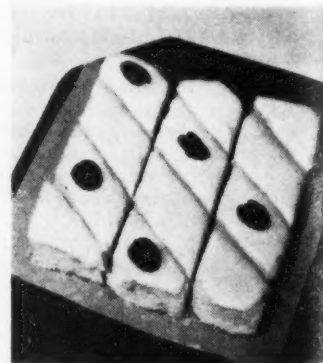
Confectioner's Frosting: Add sufficient top milk or cream to 2 cups icing sugar to make of spreading consistency. Add dash of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Tint any desired

pastel shade with vegetable coloring. Two coats of icing give that extra smooth appearance.

Approved by Chateleine Institute.

To Ice Small Cakes: Hold two cakes, same size and shape together, between thumb and forefinger in left hand. Spread icing over sides only. Separate cakes. Set on cake rack. Now it's easy to ice the top of each cake without touching the sides. This method gives a neat professional look.

Flower Decorations: Make rosettes, etc., with pastry bag and small tube attachments — flowers of contrasting shades and stems and leaves of pale green.



For diamond shapes — cut cake in strips lengthwise; then cut through the strips on the diagonal.

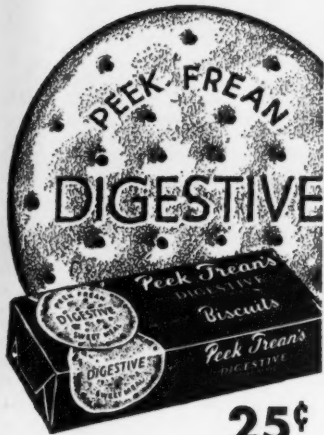
Other Decorations: Coconut — shredded—plain, delicately browned or tinted in pastel shades. (To tint—moisten coconut slightly, the colors blend easier.)

Chocolate — semisweet shaved or melted and poured over.

Nuts — walnuts, pecans, almonds.

Try P.F. "DIGESTIVE" a Slightly Sweet

MEAL BISCUIT
of pleasing flavour



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For a tasty snack
try a Digestive old
cheese sandwich.

In "Evercrisp"
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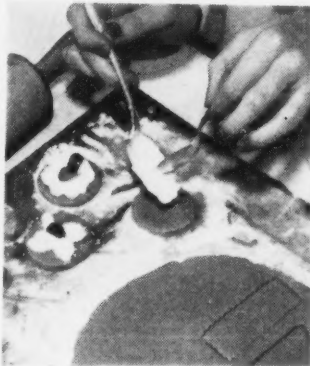
pistachios, etc., whole, chopped or
shaved.

Cherries—red to make flowers—use
half or sliced. Green for stems and
leaves.

Sugar—colored in pastel shades.

Decorettes—commercially packaged.

Mocha Cakes: small squares—iced
top and sides (see directions above)
and rolled in finely chopped walnuts.



Meringue topping makes an effective
decoration on any plain cookie and
it tastes so good too!

Basic Cookie Recipe

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon soda
3¼ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Method: Cream butter and sugar.
Add well-beaten egg and vanilla. Lastly
add flour and soda sifted together.
Blend well. Chill 2 to 3 hours in
refrigerator. Roll and cut in various
shapes with cookie cutters or make small
balls and press with a fork. Bake 7 to
8 minutes in moderately hot oven
(400 deg. F.). Decorate before baking in
any of the following ways:

Sliced or whole cherries; chopped or
whole nuts; colored sugar or desiccated
coconut tinted.

Use Meringue Topping (see below).
Place a spoonful on centre of cookie or
use as a border around edge.

Note: Plain cookies may be decorated
if desired after baking by icing with
confectioner's frosting (see recipe for
little cakes). A half marshmallow dipped
in melted semi-sweet chocolate is
another decorating idea.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Meringue Topping For Cookies:

Beat 2 egg whites, gradually adding
¼ cup sugar until meringue stands in
peaks. Fold in ¼ cup coconut, chopped
nuts, dates or cherries.

Use to decorate shaped cookies before
baking (see above).

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BY MARION GRAHAM

Chatelaine Institute

Baked Alaska is a chef's special of cake, ice cream, and meringue, put together in a few easy steps that any homemaker can duplicate.



D ESSERT TRIUMPH

It's easy and it's fun to make a Baked Alaska! Any homemaker with an oven and a refrigerator can turn out just as tempting a plate as illustrated here. This novel Alaska is only one of the many variations of an exciting dessert. Baked ice cream sounds like quite a feat to master, but the secret to success is to make, bake and serve as quickly as possible.

So for the dramatic climax to your company meal, why not serve this spectacular dessert? It never ceases to bring "oh's" and "ah's" from all the guests when the hostess unveils her amazing Alaska.

How to Make a Baked Alaska

The first step is to bake a chocolate cake in an 8 x 8 inch pan. Then cut this cake through the centre to form two loaves. Split each loaf in two layers, and place the two bottom halves on a board covered with paper.

The next step is to prepare the meringue. Then split the ice cream brick lengthwise, and place a slice on each bottom layer of cake. Cover the ice cream with the top layer of cake.

Frost the sides and top of each loaf with a thick layer of meringue. Place loaves in oven and lightly brown.

Meringue Covering For Baked Alaska

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 4 egg whites | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 teaspoons cold water | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| 3 tablespoons powdered sugar | |

METHOD: Have egg whites at room temperature. Beat egg whites and water with rotary or electric beater until they stand in peaks. Add the sugar and baking powder gradually, beating until stiff and glossy. Add vanilla. Blend. Cover all sides of cake and ice cream with a thick layer of meringue. Brown immediately in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for three to four minutes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

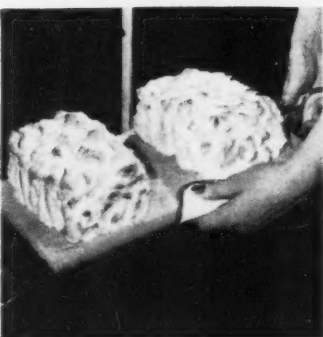
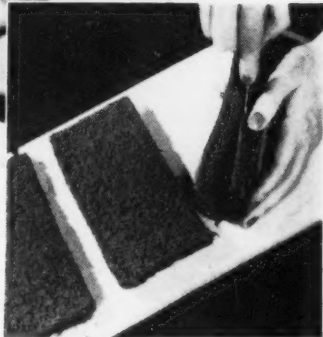


Baked Alaska may be as complicated or as simple as you wish—you can make your own chocolate cake speciality, or whip up a quick mix sponge cake to save time. Either is suitable. Also you can substitute and use a white, spice or marble cake. Then change the flavor of your ice cream as well, to add variety to this colorful dessert. While preparing the meringue, chill the cake loaves, as well as the ice cream brick.

The loaves are placed on a heavy wooden board—a bread board may be used. Then cover the board with two sheets of white paper; this helps to keep the ice cream from melting rapidly. The ice cream brick should be frozen very hard when placed between the layers of cake. Depending on the size of the brick, the cake may overlap the ice cream slightly.

When frosting the loaves spread the meringue thickly, and as quickly as possible. Make sure that the complete surface of the ice cream and cake are well covered. For a children's party, you might use a strawberry-flavored ice cream brick, and tint the meringue a delicate pink to match.

Just before baking, for added variety you may sprinkle toasted almonds, chocolate shavings, colored coconut or icing sugar over the meringue. Then place the two loaves in a hot oven and brown quickly. Remove from the oven, slip from the paper, and place the loaf on a platter. Baked Alaska should be served immediately.



Let's have a party!....

[THE MODERN WAY]



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Choose several varieties of these meats and allow at least three slices of meat for each guest:

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Crusty Bread—Rye or French loaves are best—Mustard, Pickles, Olives, Celery, Canadian Cheese, Swiss Cheese, Crackers



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Next time you have the urge to give a party—plan the refreshments so that you're not hiding behind an apron all evening. This is the modern, simple way to serve the handsomest party spread ever—yet not cook a single thing. Your butcher, grocer or delicatessen store has the leading, top quality brands of these tasty, appetizing, ready-to-serve meats.



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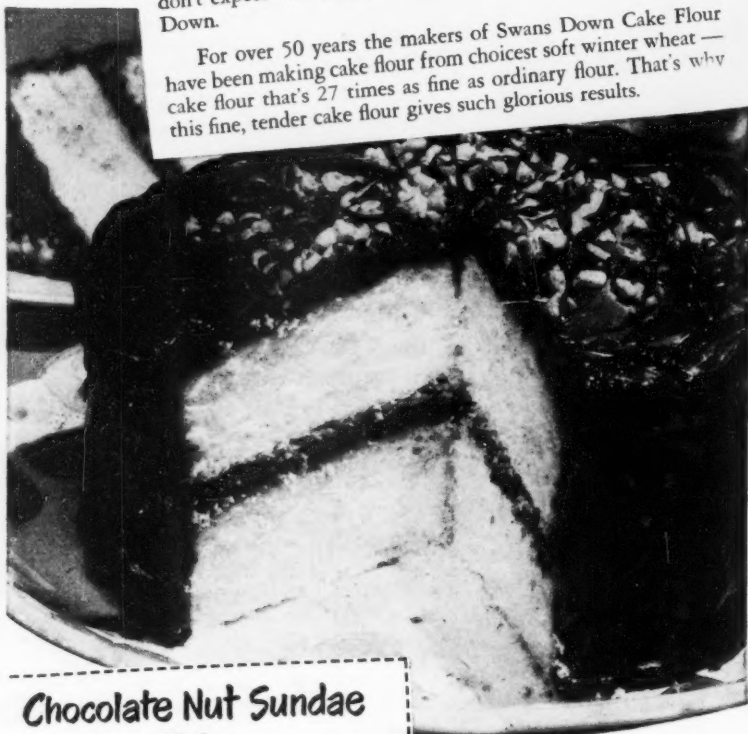


Win a reputation with your SWANS DOWN Cakes



There's a great satisfaction in serving light, tender cakes! But don't expect all-round perfection — with any flour but Swans Down.

For over 50 years the makers of Swans Down Cake Flour have been making cake flour from choicest soft winter wheat — cake flour that's 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. That's why this fine, tender cake flour gives such glorious results.



Chocolate Nut Sundae Cake

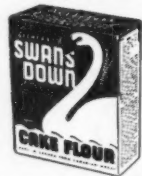
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|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 1/2 cup butter or other shortening |
| 2 1/2 teaspoons Columet Baking Powder | 3/4 cup milk |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 1/4 cups sugar | 3 egg whites |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift 3 times. Cream shortening, add 1 cup sugar gradually, cream until light. Add flour alternately with milk, in small amounts, beating after each addition. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until foamy, add remaining 1/4 cup sugar gradually and beat only until mixture will hold up in soft peaks. Beat thoroughly into batter. Turn into two deep 8-inch layer pans which are lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 25 minutes.

Spread chocolate frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats over top of cake. Dribble melted Baker's Dot Chocolate over nuts, making a lattice effect.

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Swans Down

CAKE FLOUR

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CAKE TALK

by Frances Barton

A lovely cake tells the happy success story of right ingredients accurately measured and properly combined and baked.

Cakes with that "plus" that marks them as something very special, are worth the little *extra* care they require. Things like choosing Swans Down Cake Flour, for instance, the best cake flour you can use for all your cake making.

But be sure to measure all your ingredients accurately, using only standard measuring cups and spoons.

Flour should always be sifted first before measuring, spooned carefully into the measuring cup being careful not to pack it down, then levelled off with a bread knife or spatula.

When measuring liquids be sure to have the measuring cup level.

The quantity of brown sugar in our recipes always means a well-packed measure.

Do not risk cake failures by careless measuring — this fundamental of cake making is very essential to successful cakes.



TIME TO BED DOWN ROSES

BY HELEN O'REILLY

Far be it from me to pretend to understand the more celebrated writings of the late Gertrude Stein, but I think most gardeners have a very good idea of what she meant by her classic remark, "A rose is a rose is a rose." To me, after careful study, it implies that a rose is something unique and so lovely as to be far more than worthy any price you may pay for it in time and trouble—and unless you feel that way too, stop right here! For there is no possible, probable shadow of doubt that roses need loving care if they are to bloom in all the beauty that is their rightful heritage. They should be most carefully planted in propitious spots, they must be sprayed and watched over from earliest spring until the killing frosts, watered in season, pruned with care—and sometimes I think they thrive on admiration and affection like any other family pet. You will not have the least trouble in supplying these last if you succeed in making your roses flourish.

Now in November the important thing to know about roses is what to

guard against during the winter. Even more dangerous than the long deep cold that winter means for most of Canada is the alternate thawing and freezing of early spring, the piercing north winds that dry out the stalks, and the brilliant winter sunshine that causes sunscald. Dampness, too, is an enemy for it brings with it mold and other harmful fungi; and don't forget that hungry mice, moles and rabbits must be circumvented too. Are you wondering why they call them "hardy roses"? The answer is that with reasonable care they can be brought triumphantly through all these winter perils and the job is not nearly as tiresome as it sounds.

In any portion of this so-called temperate zone, where the thermometer drops regularly below freezing, the roots of rose bushes at least should have some protection from the cold. In places where zero weather comes as inevitably as death and taxes, it is also worth while to place roses in a spot sheltered from the prevailing winds and to make particularly sure of good drainage so that rain and melting snow will not stand around the roots. (Actually, proper drainage is important all the

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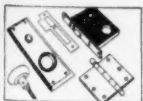
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year round, so if you are having bad luck with your roses either move them to a drier spot in the garden or dig them up and put in a drainage layer of sizeable stones, coarse cinders, or broken bricks about four inches deep and well below the root level.) Another good practice is to discourage late growth on your bushes by cutting the blooms with quite short stems—cutting long stems is the same as pruning, so it encourages growth—and by discontinuing both cultivation and watering. This is called hardening the wood of your roses and you can only do it, of course, if the weather falls in with your plans—this rainy autumn in southern Ontario may be a sad one for our roses.

But to get back to protective measures—there is no better covering for your roses in winter than ordinary garden soil. Bank it up over each bush in a sort of cone from six to 10 inches high as soon as the frosts have definitely finished the blooming season and most of the leaves have fallen and, by the way, brush away any leaves from around the plant before you hill it up for fear of the old enemy, blackspot, which lurks everywhere. I advise you strongly to bring the earth from another part of the garden rather than to run the risk of exposing the roots of your roses by just scraping up the earth around them. If you will soak the mound thoroughly to settle the loose earth, it will not subside later and expose the cherished lower "eyes" that will bring you next year's flowers. You may prefer, however, to use a sort of collar of screening around



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Continued on page 97

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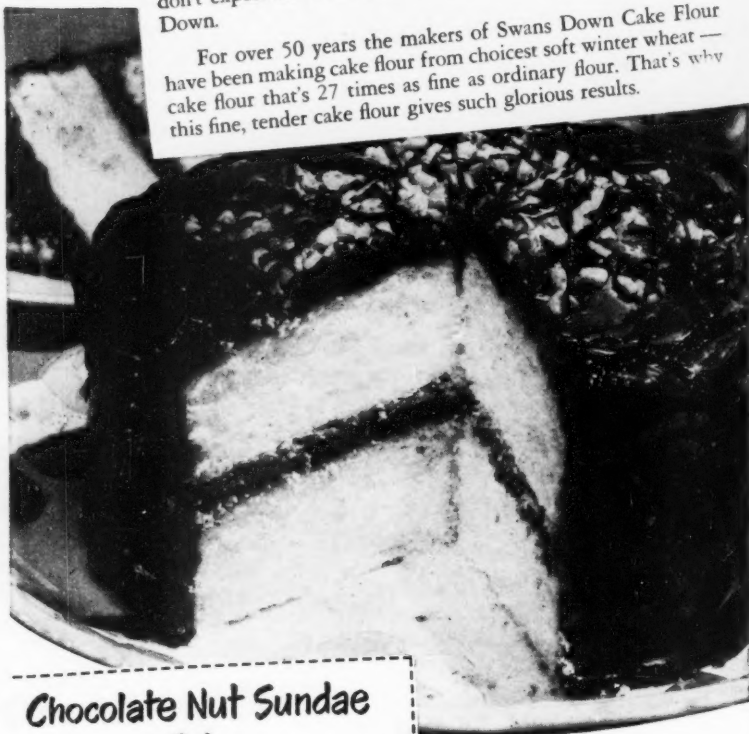
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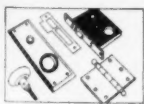
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Continued on page 97

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EW BACKGROUNDS FOR PARTIES

The ranch house, which is one of the most popular styles in architecture, has emerged from a new trend in living and in entertaining. Nowadays parties which are most fun are casual and seemingly impromptu. And the background for them—as typified by the ranch house—gives a nice feeling of space, informality and a leisurely way of life. Space saving is another important factor. One of the most practical ways of making one room do the job of two is to combine living room and dining room. The two interiors shown on this page are examples of ranch house living-dining room combinations. Above, the furniture is a French Provincial grouping, made of lined elm. For a splashy display of color, the cushions and cover of the couch are a gay striped homespun material.

The room below is another smartly intimate living-dining room. The side walls are a dark chocolate hue with the back wall and rugs in a pebble shade. Accent colors are lemon peel and nasturtium. A curved sofa is upholstered in a brown, metallic, fabric . . . goes beautifully with the Swedish modern furniture.

The practical aspect of this combination living-dining room becomes apparent when you're giving a party. It makes an ideal background for entertaining because the whole area can be turned into one large living room for the occasion, keeping your guests together and yet with sufficient room for them to mingle freely without uncomfortable crowding.

BY JOHN
CAULFIELD
SMITH

Home Planning Editor



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED.



Little PLUMBING IDEAS that pay BIG DIVIDENDS

It's fun to plan—and it pays to plan—whether you're building a new home or remodelling the old. A little thought now can mean much in home comfort and convenience later. Here are a few suggestions you may find helpful in bathroom planning. Ask your plumbing and heating contractor about these and similar ideas for possible adaptation to your particular plans.

POWDER ROOM—A powder room or downstairs lavatory is most desirable in any home of more than one story. Its advantages are obvious. You'll want to consider it for the new home. In the old, perhaps there is a storage closet or some waste space under the stairway that can be turned into a really charming and practical powder room. Main things to remember are to allow adequate standing space between fixtures and to place them so they don't interfere with opening the door.

LAYOUTS—Whether the bathroom is large or small, the first step in planning is to decide upon the layout which will give the most practical and convenient arrangement of fixtures within the space available. Several basic bathroom layouts are shown in the Crane booklet "Planning your Bathroom and Kitchen." Each one, of course, allows plenty of scope for individual ideas. You can obtain a copy from your plumbing and heating contractor or by writing direct to Crane General Office or the Crane branch nearest you.

SPLASH—When considering material for covering walls and floors, you'll want to make sure, of course, that it is waterproof and easy to clean. Your painter or decorator's supply man can give you helpful information here. Attractive waterproof wallpapers are available. You can use plaster with a special water-resistant finish. There are many types of waterproof tile and wall-board, designed especially for bathrooms. Then there is glass-clear crystal, mirror backed or opaque. And, of course, paint and enamel offer a host of color possibilities. For the floor you can use linoleum or one of many types of tile, all available in a variety of patterns and colors.

HOT WATER—When planning the bathroom you'll want to have in mind also how best you can assure yourself an ample supply of hot water. Here again your plumbing and heating contractor can advise you on the selection of the appropriate domestic hot water heating equipment.

SPOUTS, ETC.—Ask him, too, about

the advantages of such modern fixtures as "The Mixing Spout Faucet", which provides the wash basin with one spout for both hot and cold supply, assuring tempered water delivery; "The Deviator Spout for Showers", the most satisfactory way of directing water at desired temperature through the shower, with no chance of a surprise dousing; the new "Thermostatic Valve" which controls the temperature of the tub's water supply; prevents it reaching the scalding point; the new "Dial-Ese" fingertip-control faucets that close with the water pressure.

ACCESSORIES—Among the little things that make any bathroom smarter



are the modern, gleaming chromium towel racks, tumbler holders, grab rails, soap containers and similar Gerityware accessories, designed in "Life-time Chrome". They blend with any color scheme and retain their finish through the years. And speaking of color, remember that Crane bathtubs, wash basins and toilets are now available in eight charming and harmonizing colors as well as white.

CARE—The durable, glass-like sur-

faces and rounded corners of Crane bathroom fixtures are as easily cleaned as your best table china. In cleaning them, don't use anything of an abrasive or scouring nature. You don't have to. The "high water mark" in the bathtub is nothing more than grease. Hot water and soap, or one of the many popular detergents, will effectively remove it. And, of course, avoid banging anything against an enameled surface. If filling a pail in the bath, hold it clear of the side; don't set it down unless on a pad. In short, if plumbing fixtures are protected from harsh abrasives and hard knocks, their glossy surfaces will last indefinitely.



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This is a year of extremes. Elegance in traditional design is running strongly counter to trend toward greater informality. This attractive setting is highlighted by a candelabrum of Bohemian crystal, a refreshing change from the usual flower arrangement. Goblets borrow inspiration from the past. Beautifully clear ones exist in abundance, but these are colored a warm, ripe red. The delicate tracery of the cutwork linen mats on which the English china and silver are placed is etched against the dark, polished mahogany of the table.



A ranch house table theme, satisfyingly different, makes use of inexpensive treasures from both sides of the Atlantic. Italian plates have their exciting hues echoed by the mats on which they're placed; mats woven from strands of knitted rayon. Silver of simple, sculptured design, picturesque wine and oil bottles, and rooster centre-piece contrast with the table top of burl veneer finished in natural tones. Ensemble table settings like this, with china, glassware and linen correlated with one another, give the smart hostess scope for originality.

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I WALK BY NIGHT*Continued from page 40*

sleep!" Presumably the clock held the secret.

Some centuries ago Sir James Frazer wrote: "It is a common rule not to waken a sleeper, because his soul is away and might not have time to get back." I sincerely hope the souls of sleep walkers are firmly lodged at birth!

Like many another unwelcome habit, sleepwalking can be brought under control with the help of a psychiatrist and sufficient will power on the part of the victim. Frequently the cause will turn out to be a childhood fright of some kind as in my own case, which, when uncovered, will eventually lose its abnormal hold on the somnambulist's subconscious.

A tranquil mind at bedtime, entirely free of anxieties, is another important factor. Somnambulists—and insomniacs too, for that matter—let their anxieties take over the controls almost as soon as they are old enough to spell that familiar five-letter word—worry. Remember, the tail of the dog should never wag him!

I once read a valuable axiom on the subject of sleep, which said in effect: "When you concentrate on your troubles you are not concentrating on sleep; but when you concentrate on sleep, you are not concentrating on your troubles." And who but an Einstein (or possibly Gracie Allen) can ever think continuously of two different things at one and the same time? Anyway, by dwelling on the idea of sleep, you have forgotten to dwell on your worries. Try it tonight and see for yourself.

But, oh brother! it's a tough assignment to carry out, when you are convinced that all the troubles of mankind are resting on your own frail shoulders!

My parting advice to fellow somnambulists is this: if you are single, by all means get married without delay; if, on the other hand, you are married, treat your spouse with every consideration by day, because lord knows what the poor soul will have to endure between the hours of darkness and dawn!

HIGH SCHOOL CASUALTY*Continued from page 24*

3. The psychologists and psychiatrists who have been studying the problem over a period of years.

First let's see what the boys and girls, the drop-outs, have to say about themselves. Their opinions were obtained by the personal interviewing of over 26,000 pupils, by teachers in selected urban and rural schools across Canada.

The biggest reason for quitting their studies before they were half completed, given by well over half the casualties, was, *lack of interest*. Not broken homes; not financial difficulties; not the many logical reasons educationalists have suspected for years, but just *lack of interest*.

"What good are Latin, French and Algebra in helping me to get and keep a job?" many students asked, and the chant has been taken up by so many young people that it has become a meaningless cliché on the lips of the

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**LOOK FOR ADDITIONAL
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medium-sized fry floating into junior trade and office jobs all over the country.

In addition to "lack of interest," such things as "unsuitability of curriculum" and "inability of students to grasp the subjects being taught," added up to 96% of all reasons given.

This staggering figure constitutes a blow to our present educational setup. It has been taken so seriously by educationalists studying the problem that the old battle between those in favor of a more practical system and

those who lean toward the classical, is raging again.

Other answers given by students were "finances" and "personal reasons," but they were so small in proportion to those relating to the school, as to be almost negligible.

This, then, leaves us with the shockingly high figure of 96% of the "drop-outs" blaming the school as being partly or wholly responsible for their quitting.

Now let's see what the mothers say about it. Whom do the mothers blame?

Chatelaine was able to find out what many of the mothers think by going to its Consumer Council of women, a council representative of rural and urban centres all across Canada. Fourteen hundred and sixty-four representative women spoke up.

Whom do they blame? They divide the blame almost completely between the school and the student.

This was interesting because in cross-examination, not one student blamed himself.

Of the members of our council with teen-age children, almost half had faced the problem of a child or children wanting to leave school before his secondary education was finished.

These women divide the blame almost equally between the student and the school with only a small group blaming themselves. They blamed the school for having failed through poor and indifferent teachers, dull curriculum, classic studies not fitted to today's needs; they blamed the student for one thing and another, including lack of responsibility, indifference, impatience, or boredom.

It was significant that only 6% of the mothers blamed the home, outright. Nevertheless, under "some other factor" over a third revealed, unconsciously, what amounted to this: "When a teenager quits school before his education is complete—look to the home."

Parents of average and above average intelligence have long ago accepted the dictum that "delinquents" and "badly adjusted children" are the result of bad home environment. But because these same parents look upon their own children as pretty good specimens of the normal and healthy, they are unable, consciously, to tie up "unfinished education" with some factor in the home. They admit, quite frankly, to annoyance and irritation, but in more subtle ways they reveal actually they are deeply worried.

Chatelaine's survey discloses that, on the whole, parents are pretty helpless in dealing with this problem, and that they have never really faced up to their own responsibility in the matter.

In examining some of the mothers' comments, we find such admissions as "a physical handicap not coped with"; "a child introvert treated with complete indifference." Others confessed to "parental disagreement"; "an autocratic father"; or "taking the line of least resistance."

In short, though not admitted, most of the reasons came right back to the home and the parents. This survey revealed that although parents couldn't bring themselves to accept the blame outright, any more than the students could, subconsciously they were doing just that.

The answers to the question, "How did you handle the matter of your child wanting to quit school," revealed that parents are groping sadly and seem to be extraordinarily helpless in handling the situation.

Only one third of those youngsters who wanted to quit were persuaded to continue at school. This means that the majority of parents were so helpless they just let their children do what they liked. They talked with the teacher, with the student, but in the final analysis just threw up their hands. A small number allowed their children to change courses, sent them to another school, or suggested they work for a while and see about going back later, but most of them just shook their heads and said, "I give up."

The most significant facts brought to light through the Chatelaine Consumer Council survey were these:

1. When the crisis is reached, it is already too late to do anything about it;
2. When children reach their teens the mold has been cast and parents cease to have much influence;
3. Education is a long-term contract

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and if you don't recognize this until your children run into problems, you'll be helpless in dealing with them.

These findings are borne out by a third group working under the direction of Bertha Reynolds of the Child Guidance Clinic in Toronto.

During 1949 a total of 5,195 students and parents sought assistance from the Clinic. In every case, unacceptable behavior and lack of progress at school were traced to difficulties at home.

This group of workers found that poor school attendance is frequently the child's way of saying "Something is wrong in my life, will some grownup please take heed and help me now that I have made myself conspicuous?"

Through its work the Clinic has concluded that the best school in the world can't do anything for a student if the home is bad. This begs the question, "how bad does a home have to be to hold back a good student?"

The answer they found was that a home detrimental to a child's progress, may often appear perfectly normal on the surface. Such seemingly small things as "unfair comparison with other children," "a feeling of not being wanted or loved," "a new baby," "overcrowding" are just some of the factors uncovered by the Clinic as contributing to a student's inability to adjust in the schoolroom—factors of which parents are often unaware.

When a child leaves grade school for his secondary schooling he moves into a less personalized world. In grade school the teacher takes an interest in the individual. But when that same individual reaches high school he has no teacher of his own. Everything is impersonal. He's on his own and he's not ready, emotionally, to take this responsibility himself. He needs someone to take an interest in him. This is when the home so often fails the child—when the love, interest and understanding of parents is most needed.

Such reasons as "a desire to earn money of his own," "all the hodgepodge the school is pushing into him which he can have no practical use for" or "unsettled times," are in most cases just surface excuses camouflaging the real issues.

The Canadian Research survey showed that more boys than girls dropped out of school which has set them wondering if the present system of education is possibly more suited to a girl's need than a boy's.

Chatelaine's survey revealed that the Maritimes suffered only half the number

of drop-outs, per capita, as that of the rest of Canada.

Both surveys showed that the problem was greater among rural students than urban which was felt to be natural because of the greater educational facilities and attractions in city schools.

Although both surveys revealed that drop-outs were greatest among low-income families most students had no other excuse than "lack of interest."

But whatever or whoever is to blame for this state of affairs, educationalists

declare that 50% of young people are not remaining in school long enough to give themselves a worthwhile education.

No student, they felt, could obtain much of an insight into his studies unless he completed the full course.

Students who attend school one or two years and then drop out have wasted hundreds of hours getting a smattering of ideas which won't be worth anything to them unless they go far enough to apply them.

It is also strongly felt, not only

by educationalists, but by business employers as well, that high school graduation is almost essential in today's competitive world.

Educationalists are doing a lot of soul-searching as a result of the Canadian Research Committee's survey.

But Chatelaine's survey reveals that, unconsciously, Canadian mothers feel that just as much, if not more, of the soul searching must be reflected in the home, if these shocking figures are to be reduced. +

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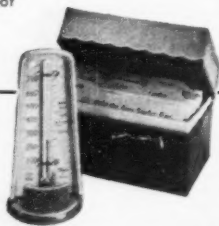
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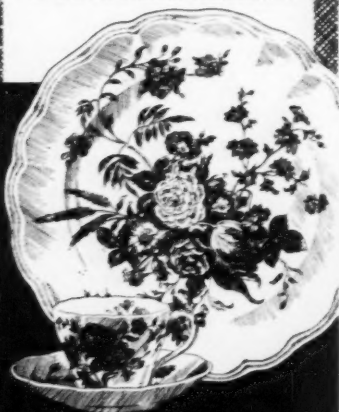
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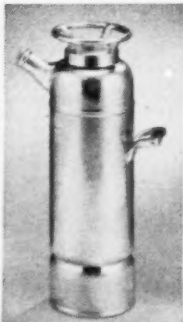
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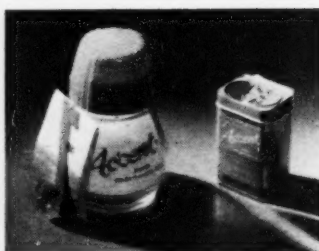
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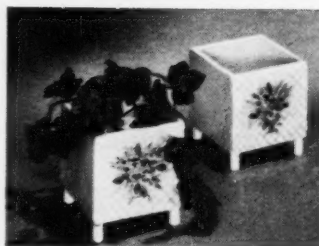
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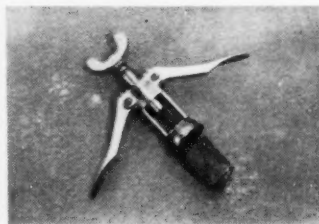
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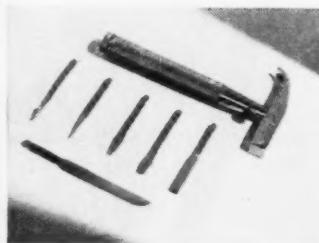
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ING WITH CHATELAINE

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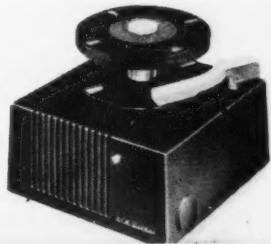
Skol! Skol! Colorful holders make hot or cold drinks easy to handle. Of metal, the coasters have absorbent pads on which to rest the glass; and plastic handles with clips to grasp glass or bottle securely. These lessen the danger of spilling. Boxed sets of four coasters for about \$4.



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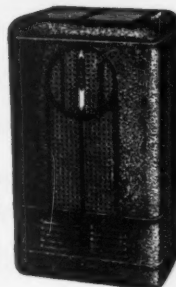
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Variations in Development

The psychologists have studied thousands of normal babies and children and they now know pretty well how soon the average child should be able to do various things. They tell us that some babies are a good deal slower than others in learning certain accomplishments, but they nevertheless turn out to be perfectly normal youngsters. So don't be upset if your child is behind-hand in learning some of these tricks. It is no use trying to force him to learn before he is sufficiently advanced. If you try to teach him before he is ready, both you and he will become discouraged, and you'll make a great deal of trouble for yourself.

One to Six Months

The one-month-old baby has a far-away look in his eyes. As yet he hasn't been able to sort out most of the interesting things that are happening around

him. He will stop moaning, though, when you smile and talk to him, but when he looks back at you, his expression registers little if anything. At two months he turns toward you when you speak to him; at three months he goes and gurgles pleasantly when you smile at him and at four months laughs out loud.

When your baby is about two months old it is a good idea to buy a brightly-colored balloon to tie at the foot of his cot. Soon he will amuse himself by watching it bobbing about. At four months of age he spends a good deal of his time playing with his own fists and batting himself with them. He will hold a rattle now if you place it in his hand, but be sure it is small enough for him to grip easily. The dumbbell ones are excellent. Before long he will learn how to rattle it. It is best tied to a string fastened across his cot. When you put him down on his tummy now he can raise his head up and hold it steady and he apparently likes to do this.

Six to Twelve Months

At seven months he may be able to sit up somewhat unsteadily, supporting himself with his hands. Small rubber, plastic or cotton dolls that he can hold and wave about will interest him at this age. You can easily make stuffed cotton dolls and animals for him; all his toys should be washable because they all get into his mouth sooner or later.

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

He brings GOOD NEWS...

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The famous Gerber Baby
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Better nutrition—with no work. Now the famous Gerber Baby brings your little one a tasty, nourishing variety of Strained Foods that require no cooking, no straining, no work at all! Canadian mothers and doctors have asked for Gerber's. That's why Gerber's Strained Foods are now made right here in Canada.

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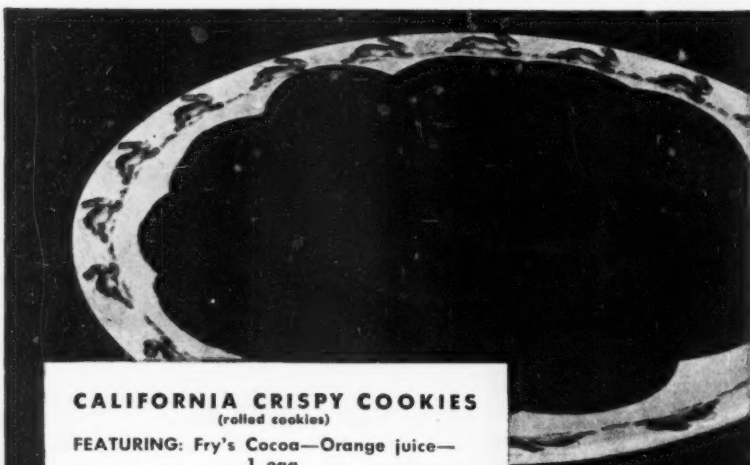
Young folk love Fry's Cocoa—after school and after play.

Fry's is so sm-o-o-th, so *chocolaty*—so satisfying to the youngest, keenest appetites! It's nourishing too—so serve it often.

Everyone loves Fry's richer *chocolate* flavor—a tastes-like-more flavor that makes it Canada's favorite by 3 to 1.*

And be sure to use Fry's for your cooking recipes, too.

*According to a National Survey



CALIFORNIA CRISPY COOKIES (rolled cookies)

FEATURING: Fry's Cocoa—Orange juice—
1 egg

Cream together..... $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening or part
butter

Add..... $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
2 teaspoons grated orange
rind

Sift together..... 1 large egg well beaten
2 cups pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Fry's Cocoa
1 teaspoon baking powder

Add to first mixture, alternately with
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice

When the whole is very creamy and well blended, add
enough flour (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups) to make a soft pliable
dough. Cover with wax paper; place in refrigerator 2 to
3 hrs. Roll thin, cut with a 2-inch scalloped cutter.

PAN SIZE: Greased cookie sheet.

TEMPERATURE: 400°F. (hot oven).

TIME: 10 to 12 minutes.

Remove immediately from sheet.

FRY'S the cocoa with
the richer chocolate flavor



Ones with squeaks or bells are fine, provided the squeak or bells don't come loose. Check them over frequently to make sure that they are still soft, you don't want him to swallow the bell or squeak. At this stage he picks up his toys with both hands rather than his fingers, but he is becoming more skilful at grasping objects.

By nine months he can probably sit up steadily, much to his own satisfaction. If he hasn't a playpen already you would certainly be wise to get him one now. One with a platform in it is best as that raises it a little above the chilly floor level. It is not so hard to build a playpen at home. It's a good idea to put a thick cotton pad or a heavy blanket on the floor of the pen. However, it should be tied securely at the corners so that it doesn't double up when he scrambles around. He can get a lot of exercise creeping about and hauling himself up at the sides. He is safe in it, but can watch what is going on around him. It is a good plan to leave him alone for part of the time so that he learns to amuse himself. After he is a year old he should play in his pen both in the morning and the late afternoon.

Toys For Six to 12 Months

A plastic or aluminum cup and small saucepans, smooth old spoons, empty spools, small brightly colored blocks, clothespins and soft balls are good playthings at this age. Besides, they provide useful practice for small hands.

Large-sized scraps of various kinds of colored materials, washed to take out the sizing and to make sure the colors are fast, will probably interest them also. A child's interests will change, of course, as he develops. If he takes to a toy and plays with it, that's fine. If he doesn't, the toy may be either too simple or too advanced for him. From his other activities you can probably decide which of the two is more likely. At about nine months he usually starts pulling himself up to the standing position in his pen or by a chair. He is so pleased with this feat that he often does it over and over again.

Twelve to Eighteen Months

At a year he can usually walk if someone holds his hand, and six months later is quite nimble on his feet. His vocabulary is growing, he can probably say at least five different words, but he makes most of his wants known by pointing and making expressive noises. Once he is talking well he is ready for sturdy toys that he can push or pull, such as those little bells on wheels that you push with a stick, doll's carriages, wheelbarrows, with two wheels, little wagons, wooden trains and animals on wheels. A pasteboard or light wooden box with a thick cord to pull it by can be loaded and dragged about with a great deal of pleasure. He would probably welcome a little broom or a small pail and shovel for the snow. He wants to sweep, dust and shovel like his parents.

Toys For Preschool Children

We adults are rather prone to choose toys that appeal to us as beautiful or clever and we sometimes forget that it's the child we are shopping for and hoping to interest. Mechanical toys are usually

poor because they are easily broken and provide practically nothing for the child to do. Sometimes a youngster uses a toy in quite an unusual way, but as it is his toy he should be allowed to use it as he likes, provided he doesn't wreck the house.

Toys that are strong, that have no sharp edges and that he can use in many different ways, are the best ones to get. As he grows older he will enjoy large blocks, sturdy picture books, big colored

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heads with a shoelace to string them on, unbreakable dishes, blunt scissors, colored paper, plasticine, thick crayons, paints (poster paints in small jars are especially good), good-sized paint brushes and big pieces of smooth paper on which to paint. If you buy him a little apron and spread newspapers on the floor, little harm can be done. A small table with chairs to match and a little blackboard are useful too. Dressing up materials, many of which can be made from discarded odds and ends, provide a lot of fun for him. Out-of-doors he will soon be ready for a kiddie car with pedals, a swing, slide, teeter-totter and sandbox. Plenty of variety is a great advantage as most youngsters

of this age do not stick to any one occupation for long.

You would do well to read a whole book about the best kinds of play material for your children. Your public library will probably have a good one. Many parents are much more interested in their children's food and clothes than in their toys. Some take it for granted that a child instinctively knows how to play and that this preschool period is a kind of carefree interval before he starts really working at school. Actually play is a serious job for the child and he works hard at it. By providing suitable toys and playmates you can help him learn how to concentrate, to be original, and how to co-operate with others. *

BED DOWN ROSES

Continued from page 85

of sacking, well weighted down, to keep it in place. This outer layer is for protection against direct sunshine which, on the fine winter days that are followed by cold nights, means the dreaded thawing and freezing so hard on roses; leaves are apt to retain the moisture in a soggy mat, keeping out the necessary circulation of air, so they are a last resort. The reason for the delay between hilling up with earth and the final covering is that it gives the mice and moles plenty of time to find other quarters than your snug rose bed for the winter—by the time the ground is frozen hard they should be safely settled elsewhere.

Your rose bush is now bedded down for the winter and in the spring you will prune it down to the green part of the stalks, the part you have covered, nipping off just a little of the green, and leaving two or three "eyes" on the

outer sides of the stems to bear you lovely blossoms.

As a standard rose carries its buds or "eyes" much too far from the ground to make hilling up possible, there is only one solution—dig it right up and bury it completely in a trench in a dry part of the garden or, if there is good drainage and plenty of room where it is standing, dig a long enough trench out from one side of your standard, loosen the roots on the other side, and tip the little tree right over into the trench, covering every inch of it with earth, and adding the outer layer of boughs or straw after the hard frost.

Climbers are something else again because they are not going to be cut back in the spring like the bushes—their flowers bloom gloriously from the old wood. The aim, therefore, is to save the long snakelike stalks whole and entire. All you need to handle this problem is a hide like a rhinoceros and the disposition of an angel, for the thorns on climbers are sharp as knives and the stalks behave like boomerangs. Dig a trench the length of your vine running out from the root—along the wall or fence, out into the garden if you must, twisting in among the perennials—but if your climber is not in a thoroughly well-drained bed, fetch enough earth to cover the whole thing. Put on a deep-sea diver's suit, or, failing that, an old hat, gloves, and a jacket of some hard-surfaced material, for if you wear a sweater or wool coat you will be enmeshed for the winter. Pull down the long stalks and anchor them as best you may with a rock until you can collect them all and tie them together in several places, then, before they renew the attack, cover them quickly with the friendly earth. After the hard frost, spread a coating of manure, then straw or whatever you have on hand as with the bush roses, and breathe freely until spring. As soon as the ground is workable you will know that you may safely uncover your climber and indeed, if you do not do it then, it will start to grow in its warm trench and the new growth will break off when you take up the unequal struggle of fastening it up again, or it will be killed back by the later spring frosts. Uncover, therefore, when the earth mound is dry enough to work with but leave the stalks on the ground to harden off a bit, then into the hat, the gloves and the stout jacket, up with the ladder—it is hard to believe it in November, but next June that thorn-infested thing will be the graceful and glorious climber that is your special pride! *

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X-rays of child's foot
showing proper develop-
ment at left, distortion
caused by faulty foot-
wear at right.





Everybody's doing it—borrowing from the baby! Folks of all ages have discovered that many of baby's favourite dishes are also thrifty, handy, and delicious—as adult fare!

The bachelor girl who lives alone . . . the newly-wed who cooks for two . . . the busy mother who can't be bothered getting herself a separate dessert—they've found that the 5 oz. tins of Heinz Strained and Junior Foods are just their size. No waste—no leftovers! Just lots of nourishment and flavour in easy-to-fix form.

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FREE!—Send for the free Heinz bulletins "Tasty Desserts for Family Use," and "Special Recipes." You'll like the recipes they contain—all made with Heinz Strained and Junior Foods. Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P.G., 420 Dupont St., Toronto, and don't forget your name and address.



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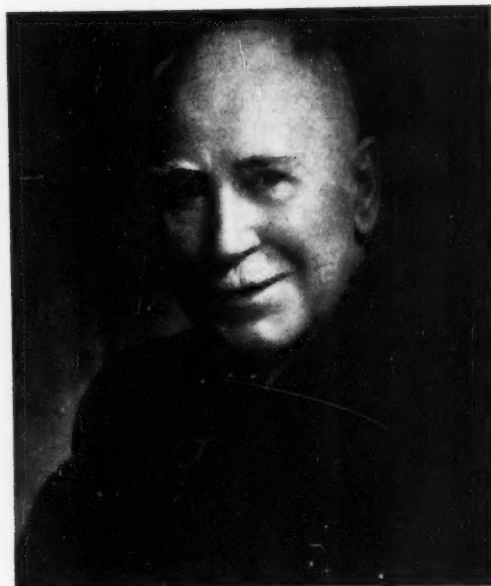
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A GREAT CANADIAN PASSES

On September 25, 1950, one day before his 88th birthday, John Bayne Maclean, founder of the organization of which this publication is part, died.

To the editors and staff of *Chatelaine*, as to every man and woman within the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company, the passing of the Colonel means a personal loss. He was not only our chief. To him we were his "family"—his boys, his girls.

It was his custom to frequently stroll into our offices and chat, not only about our work, but about the little personal matters which count so much. He was unfailingly gentle and kind. There was a twinkle in his eye. His long experience commanded our respect. He, himself, held the deep affection of us all.

In the case of those of us who have families of our own he was particularly solicitous. He loved children. He had lost a son of his own in earlier years. Last December, when Mrs. Maclean died, it was suggested to him that perhaps the company's huge Christmas Tree party for the children be cancelled, the date being that of his wife's funeral. "It would have been my wife's wish," he said, "that the children have their party. It is my wish. We must never, under any circumstances, disappoint the children."

The story of John Bayne Maclean is an inspiration to every young Canadian.

He was born in a humble manse at Crieff, Ont., son of a minister brought from Scotland to carry *The Word* in Gaelic to a group of Highlanders there. He was only 10 when his

father died, and his mother had her struggles raising two boys.

From his father he inherited a seal presented to the young minister by a famous Scottish divine. It was inscribed "Fear Not When Doing Right." That became John Bayne Maclean's motto. To this day it is the motto of the company he founded.

As a youth he taught for a time in the tiny log schoolhouse of Glenelg. He was 20 when he became a newspaper reporter in Toronto. And he was 25 when, adding up his savings out of his \$11 a week income, he decided to start a paper of his own. Nothing was more important to people than food, so he launched a grocery paper. It was called *Canadian Grocer*. The entire staff was J. B. Maclean, operating in a 9 x 12 office.

From *Canadian Grocer*, which is still flourishing, was to grow the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company of this day, with 37 publications, with papers in the United States and Britain, with more than 1,200 permanent employees, with one of the finest printing plants in the world.

When he turned the first sod for that plant, the Colonel said, "This will be a monument not to me but to my associates who have achieved so much; to my boys."

One of the founders of the Canadian Red Cross Society and of the St. John Ambulance Association here, Col. Maclean's dominating interest was the welfare of people.

Canada has lost a great citizen, and we have lost a great friend.

THE EDITORS



and washproof—No give-away fading or
running of the colours . . . these beautiful furnishing fabrics look as
lovely as the day you bought them
—year in and year out.

SANDERSON

INDECOLOR FABRICS



Activated Seismotite
(PATENTED PROCESS)

Gives Famous Old Dutch Cleanser

Twice the Speed

of the average of ALL other leading cleansers *



Does the **WHOLE** job
in **HALF** the time!



*Famous independent laboratory proves
Old Dutch gives you

Twice the Speed

of the average of
ALL other leading cleansers

LOOK AT THE RECORD:

| Cleanser | Cleaning Efficiency | |
|----------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| OLD DUTCH | 100% | |
| CLEANSER A | 58.3% | Average
49.8% |
| CLEANSER B | 50.0% | |
| CLEANSER C | 48.5% | |
| CLEANSER D | 42.5% | |

SEVEN TIMES MORE GREASE-REMOVING ACTION

Your sink and tub... even greasiest roasters and broilers come shining clean faster than ever before! Amazing new grease-dissolver cuts stubborn grease on contact!

ELEVEN TIMES BUSIER SUDSING ACTION

See your pots, pans and porcelain gleam... as rich, thick Old Dutch suds, filled with Activated Seismotite, absorb sticky grease, dirt and stains... float them all away.

No Other Cleanser Gives You This Cleaning Action
—Because No Other Cleanser Is Made With
ACTIVATED SEISMOTITE



Made in Canada

